THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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REDMOND AND DAVITT.

They Speak Together at the Great Amnesty Meeting Recently Held in Limerick.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt and Other English Vagabonds Scored by Both Orators.

LIMERICK, Nov. 22.—The demonstration in support of the movement for the release of the political prisoners, which took place here today under the auspices of the Limerick Amnesty Association, was most successful. It was one of the finest meetings ever held in Limerick, which has always been remarkable for its great political demonstrations. But far more striking than the imposing dimensions of the assemblage was the harmonious blending in the vast crowd, as well as on the platform, of the antagonistic elements which now unfortunately prevail in the National movement. Prominent leaders of the rival wings of the National army stood together on the platform, and in the crowd below were Federalists and National Leaguers pretty evenly mixed. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the meeting, which was held in the Market fields.

REDMOND'S SPEECH.

Mr. John Redmond, who was loudly cheered, said the demand which they made for amnesty was one which was based on reason and good sense and humanity. There were, broadly speaking, three grounds upon which they based their claim—first, that these men were political prisoners; secondly, that they were convicted in England during a moment of panic. Their convictions were brought about by means which could not be justified, and very many of them, if not all of them, were absolutely innocent of crime—the supposed crime for which they were being punished (cheers). The third ground was this, that these men, whether they were guilty or whether they were innocent, had been punished in these English convict establishments in a way which outraged justice and all their ideas of humanity. For his (Mr. Redmond's) part he would never stand on any political platform, either in England or in Ireland, and say he believed that the use of dynamite for political purposes was even justifiable. When the dynamite scare arose Sir Wm. Harcourt (groans) passed into law an act called the Explosive Substances Act specially for the purpose of dealing with men who were guilty of dynamite offences. Under that act men convicted could have been sentenced to fourteen years under one section and twenty years under another. Not a single one of

THE MEN IN ENGLISH JAILS

at present were either tried or convicted for any dynamite offence, or for any offence under the Explosives Act. They were tried under the Treason Felony Act which was created to meet the case of John Mitchel. They were tried for treasonable practices. As an example which proved the cases of all of them let them take the case of their fellow townsman, John Daly (cheers). He was tried on a charge of treason felony, and the evidence in his case went back as far as the year 1867. He was convicted on the evidence of an informer who was brought over to England to prove that Daly at one portion of his career was an active propagator of the Fenian conspiracy. John Daly never denied that he was a Fenian, not even in the dock, and if he were to obtain his liberty tomorrow by publicly stating that he either never had been a Fenian or that he regretted that he had been one he would sooner have his tongue cut out of his mouth (cheers). They did not base their demand upon any statement that he was innocent of that charge, but they say that he was tried and convicted as a political prisoner for a political offence, and so also were all of the other men at present in prison, and therefore they say they were entitled to assert, notwithstanding the fact that there had been attempts made to give what he might call a dynamite complexion to these cases, that still in every instance they were accused of political offences, and that every prisoner and every man of them were political offenders. He would deal for a moment with the second ground upon which they based their demand, which was that when these men were tried the English people were in a state of profound panic. The dynamite explosions which took place in London drove men, especially men like Sir Wm. Harcourt and others (groans),

ALMOST MAD WITH TERROR AND EXCITEMENT,

and he asserted there today that it would be impossible for any Irishman in England at that time charged with a dynamite offence to get anything approaching a fair trial. They knew the system whereby these charges were brought, and that in Daly's case it had been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he was the victim of a plot hatched by emissaries of the Irish police in England, and that the explosives upon his person when he was arrested were planted there by an agent of the Irish police who had wormed himself into Daly's confidence (groans). The third ground on which their demand for the release of the political prisoners was based related to the manner of their conviction, the probability—and the certainty in some instances—of their innocence, and upon the inhuman treatment to which they had been subjected. He had, during the past few months, paid many visits to Portland Prison. He had visited Daly there and also James Egan, and he had ascertained facts with reference to their treatment there which, he believed, when they were made public, would send

A THRILL OF INDIGNATION

through every honest heart in this country and elsewhere. The only means a prisoner in penal servitude had of ever getting a small interest in life, or of ever being able to live his life of loneliness, was by being allowed to employ himself at some sort of interesting work. It had been the invariable custom to allow a convict to learn some trade, but in the cases of the whole of the Irish political prisoners in English jails, they were forbidden to take any part in any occupation of that kind (groans). They had been eight years in prison, and while other convicts had been allowed to learn a trade and pass their days in interesting work, they have been kept and changed about, one week patching up old shirts, and were not allowed to take part in any interesting occupations (groans). They made their imprisonment a horrible torture to them. In addition, they were kept for six and a half hours every day sitting in a corridor, and every time the door is opened a bitter wind sweeps through, causing them to suffer from all sorts of rheumatic effects (groans). They were kept sixteen and a half hours in cells, and were only allowed one hour in the whole twenty-four just to get a breath of fresh air (groans). Their cells were not the ordinary convict cells. He (Mr. Redmond) had seen them, and they were situated apart from the rest of the prison, in a corner of the yard, and were called penal cells, and were built to punish refractory prisoners. The Irish prisoners were kept there apart from the rest of the prisoners, and these cells had no windows. And the little aperture which serves as a window is built up with iron, through which holes are pierced, so that even in the brightest sunlight nothing more than a light enters them (groans). After a certain time the convicts were entitled to a bed, but the Irish prisoners were not allowed to have the hammock bed. They were allowed to sleep on the plank (groans). Very powerful pressure should be brought to bear on Sir William Harcourt (groans), and the friends of Sir William Harcourt, who were the men under whose government the prisoners were convicted (groans). For, if Sir Wm. Harcourt, when he got into power, said but one word, the prisoners would be released, and Limerick would enjoy the pleasure of welcoming back to freedom again her brave sons, John Daly and James Egan (cheers).

DAVITT'S SPEECH.

Mr. Michael Davitt, who was most enthusiastically received, said: "It is highly appropriate that this great demonstration in the cause of amnesty should assemble on the eve of the twenty-fourth anniversary of that fateful deed of legal vengeance which was perpetrated at the call of political passion by an infuriated government in Manchester in 1867. I say 'fateful deed,' because it is well known to the close students of stormy Irish politics during the past quarter of a century that a great deal of the passion and anger and violence which have marked at times the conflict waged for our national cause during that period, were more or less prompted by the recollections of that vindictive act of government revenge. It has, of course, been denied that the acts of

ALLEN, LARKIN AND O'BRIEN

came within the category of political offences, or that the law which was invoked to punish them was strained for political purposes; but the testimony of unbiased evidence has proved the contrary and I think it of first importance to the arguments which I intend to advance here today in favor of the liberation of all the prisoners whose cases are directly or indirectly of a political complexion, to establish our contention as to the true nature of the Manchester executions. The late Mr. John Bright, of whom there is still a grateful recollection in Limerick for a speech once delivered in this city (hear, hear), speaking in the house of commons on a motion for amnesty on the 1st of August, 1876, is reported in the *Times* of the following day as having said in connection with the execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, it had always appeared to him that the course taken by the home office on that occasion was a very unwise one. In a case of this kind to have hanged three men for one fatal shot was a mistake, a mistake according to the ordinary practice of the law, and a great mistake when looked at in its political aspect. He knew that it had been denied that this was a strictly political case, but he had always held the opinion that it was solely because it was a political case that these three men were hanged for the murder of one man. If in a poaching affray a keeper was killed, three men would not be hanged for it. The other day

A TRAGIC OUTRAGE WAS COMMITTED

in the neighborhood of Bolton. A man was killed. Three men were convicted, but they were convicted of manslaughter and not of murder, and unless the Manchester outrage was not viewed as a political offence he could not see that it was different from the case he was describing. This was the solemn position of a statesman who spoke from a local and intimate knowledge of the whole facts of the Manchester rescue, and so long as these words, uttered in the imperial parliament, remain on record and confirm the convictions of millions of our race, the execution of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien will be condemned as a blind act of legal fury and folly (loud cheers). Let me give an instance of how English opinion varies as to the relative guilt of political and ordinary crime when it is committed outside of Ireland. In 1858 Simon Bernard, a co conspirator with Orsini, was tried in London for his connection with a plot to murder the emperor of the French, and an explosion which, though it missed the emperor, killed several persons in the street. Bernard was acquitted, and this is how the *Times* applauded the jury: 'With the resolute stubbornness of the English middle classes, the jury, like the audience in court, refused to look at Bernard as a murderer. They saw in him, even if the evidence were complete, only a conspirator against a despotic ruler, who had himself seized a throne by craft and violence, and against whom craft and violence, if not justifiable, were at least not to be classed with the guilt of a common murderer. Why then should Bernard, even if guilty, be judged by the severe rules of English morality?' (Laughter) I do not quote these or any similar words as an argument in defence of violent methods of reform. I believe that there is

A FAR MORE POTENT WEAPON

than force with which Ireland's rights can be vindicated, and national self-government won. But I quoted these sentiments from a paper which is the deadly enemy of amnesty, to show how, in other times and where Irishmen were not concerned, the *Times* could actually applaud attempts at political assassination, and ridicule any other method of fighting for liberty save that which, when preached or practiced by the victims of English misrule in Ireland, are mercilessly punished by the gallows, or death by penal servitude (cheers). We appeal for amnesty upon other and more substantial grounds, too, than upon the former doctrines of the *Times* and the arguments of political motive in the crime attributed to or committed by the prisoners. I have declared in the public press now over a year, and challenged a contradiction or invited prosecution if my assertions were false, the following facts about

RED JIM M'DERMOTT,

Dublin Castle and the conviction of several of the dynamite prisoners: (1) That McDermott, at a meeting in Philadelphia in July, 1880, openly advocated a policy of dynamite to be carried on in Great Britain; (2) that in 1882 he was enlisted in the secret service of the English government by the then British consul in New York, the late Sir Edward Archibald, from whom one hundred dollars were received by McDermott as a subscription which he could pay into the dynamite fund in order to invite confidence; (3) that McDermott was sent to Ireland in 1883, and met Mr. Jenkinson, of Dublin Castle, from whom he received money; (4) that he went around Dublin talking dynamite, and subsequently went to Cork, where he called a meeting and advocated the blowing up of government stores in Cork harbor; that he gave money to a man named Featherstone and another called Deasy, in Cork, for the purchase of explosives, that he also gave Deasy a recipe for the manufacture of nitro glycerine, sent him to Liverpool with a note to a man named Flanagan, which was signed by McDermott in Featherstone's name, and that these men were assisted on McDermott's information, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life for having in their possession explosives and documents given to them by the paid agent of Dublin Castle; (5) that McDermott next proceeded to London, and by similar means to those resorted to in Cork succeeded in securing the arrest of men with whom he had planned dynamite outrages and the blowing up of the house of commons; and (6) that Jim McDermott, in a letter over his name, printed in a New York paper and dated April 3, 1883, told the part which he played as a dynamiter in the Cork and London and Liverpool plots (cheers). I reiterate these statements here today, and affirm that their truth is as well known to the police authorities of Dublin Castle and London as they are to me (cheers). Guilt of this kind, crimes of the manufacture of police agents like the McDermotts and Colemans are not those for which society will consent to see men punished by a life long endurance of penal servitude. Society wants to be, and has the right to be protected, against desperate plots and conspiracies, but where these are got up by spies and informers for their own mercenary ends, and foolish, and, if you will, violently disposed men are enticed into them for such ulterior ends, justice and the purposes of punitive law ought surely to be satisfied by the infliction of seven or ten years' imprisonment (cheers). With reference to

THE CASES OF JOHN DALY AND JAMES EGAN,

to which Mr. Redmond has done such justice, and which naturally excite a keener sympathy in Limerick than elsewhere owing to Daly's long residence in this city, it has been shown by the public statements of Ald. Manton, of Birmingham, and the admissions of the chief of police of that city, that the bombs which were found in Daly's possession when arrested, and for the possession of which he was sentenced to penal servitude for life, were given to him by agents of the Royal Irish constabulary, probably by Jim McDermott, who, I am informed, traveled in the same ship with Daly from New York to Liverpool (groans). These facts surely constitute a plea for a mitigation of the imprisonment of these men which should not be denied. Then there is the argument of the health of these men. Let the public consider the tragic death of poor P. W. Nally a fortnight before the expiration of his long sentence. He was awarded ten years imprisonment, not a sentence of death, yet his punishment was one of death, and this, too, on the evidence of an admittedly notorious ruffian who earned £1,000 for his evil work (groans). In conclusion, I will make an appeal to where we seldom address anything of the kind in a national movement. There has recently come to Ireland for the purpose of ruling us a gentleman of whom everybody who knows him speaks well.

MR JACKSON

could not begin his chief secretaryship in a better manner, in a way more calculated to obtain a good reception for whatever remedial measures he may have to bring forward for the country than by exerting his influence with the lord lieutenant to release Daly and Egan, the victims of McDermott's perfidy, and the prisoners who are in weak health. I feel certain that the whole country would be grateful to see this act of mercy carried out (hear, hear). There are men dying in prison who were not sentenced to forfeit life even by the decress of a savage law. Daly and Egan's health is undermined. Hugh Mullen, convicted in 1881, has been in a prison lunatic asylum for the last four years. Joe Mullet, imprisoned since 1883, has been repeatedly in the prison infirmary, and is suffering from consumption. Dowling, who was concerned in the Abbey street (Dublin) outrage with the police in 1882, has lost an eye in prison through an accident at his work. These are but a few of the many cases that could be quoted showing the punishment which these men have undergone, and the penalties that have been inflicted upon them have surpassed even the judgment or the intention of the law itself (cheers). It has not been the fate of many people outside of the criminal classes of these countries to undergo the ordeal of penal servitude. But there are many thousands among the millions who make up the public of Great Britain and Ireland who know what it is to suffer acute anguish—wringing, soul-felt pain, the affliction of heart agony, the sense of irreparable loss, the mental torture, of hopeless, maddening grief at some misfortune or calamity in their lives. To bear a crushing load of tribulation of this kind, even where sympathy is near and the helping hands of pity and compassion are ready to mitigate the burden of sorrow, is hard indeed, and tasks to the utmost that virtue of patience which keeps at bay that which the poet has truly described as

"GRIM-VISAGED, COMFORTLESS DESPAIR."

But to have to endure not alone all this, but a hundred times more, and not for hours or days or months, but for years, where there is more pity in the stone walls which shut you out from liberty than in the hearts of those who measure to you the little of God's sunshine upon which you may rest a weary eye; to expect in a living tomb, with a yearning, throbbing heart, longing for a love it cannot reach, hungry to receive a mother's blessing or a father's prayer; to suffer all this, and to feel that you are classed with the vilest of mankind, and denied the exercise of every attribute of our nature that lifts man above the level of a beast; to go through all this, hour by hour, day by day, week by week, month by month, year by year, until life itself becomes a daily torture and time but a horrible record of lingering heart-break and pain—to experience this is to go through the ordeal of penal servitude which these men have borne, some for nine, more for a less number of years. It is for these we ask for amnesty here today.

WE PLEAD NO JUSTIFICATION

for acts that may have been brought home to any one of them. We offer no endorsement, direct or indirect, implied or reserved, of criminal courses or plots or plans in which these unfortunate men may have been induced to participate by dishonest agents. We are not here for that or any kindred purpose. But in the name of justice, taking into account how many of these men were entrapped by villains like Red Jim McDermott; in the name of humanity, considering the fate of Nally and others, and in the name of a merciful consideration of the extenuating facts of Irish history, and the political motives which prompted the attempted deeds for which these prisoners are still undergoing the tortures of penal servitude, we say to the public opinion of Great Britain and Ireland, join us in our appeal to the government to unlock the gates of penal servitude, and to loose them and let them go (loud and prolonged cheers).

THOUGHTS.

BY JOHN P. SUTTON.

When sweeping tornadoes are howling at night,
The forests uprooting ere dawning of light,
And fierce winds are shrieking like demons at play,
E'en brave hearts beat faster and wish for the day.

More dismal the nation gone down to its doom
And peace without freedom engraved on its tomb.

When tumbling and grumbling with thundering sound
The stream o'er the precipice leaps with a bound,
Methinks 'tis the voice of the genius of might
That calls from the waters foam crested and white;

But louder the silence that whispers "beware,"
When hope is newborn from the womb of despair.

When crashing and dashing with echoing roar
Mid caves, and the rocks of the seabeaten shore,
The wild waves their fury and anger proclaim;
I dream that no power can the mad billows tame,

But oh! there is something more terribly grand
When billows of men are upheaved for for their land:

I harken to thunders loud rolling on high,
And watch the red lightnings leap out from the sky
The murky clouds brightening with luminous glare;
But louder and deadlier sounds in the air
The gathering tread of the legions of might,
A people uprisen for justice and right.

Oh Erin, my country! may God give to thee
The sweep of the wind and the strength of the sea,
And lightnings flash out from the steel in thy hand,
When patriot soldiers thy rights shall demand;
Then summon thy clans for a rising again,
'Tis swords and not words that win freedom for men.

18 Pounds of Blood

Is about the quantity nature allows to an adult person. It is of the utmost importance that the blood should be kept as pure as possible. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven its claim to be the best blood purifier.

STOMACH SOOTHERS.

Eleanor Kirk Says We Make Gluttons of Ourselves in Holiday Time and Hence Cultivate Malaria, Dyspepsia and Typhoid.

Some Excellent Hints as to How to Prepare and Cook Articles of Diet That May Not Revolutionize the Order of Digestion.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Dec. 7.—"It is almost as bad to stuff oneself ill as to drink oneself drunk," Mr. Beecher once remarked to some friends who had been suffering from engorgement during the holiday season. The lassitude, headache and general irritability which seems to be the consequence of the national turkey, the national mince pie, and the imported plum pudding of our Thanksgiving day, brought the remark of the celebrated preacher to my mind with renewed force. Personally a case of bilious colic, or even a series of convulsions are more disagreeable to look upon than is the man overcome by strong drink, but when the cause of the illness is the result of intemperance there doesn't seem to be much choice between the man who has stuffed and the man who has drank.

I wonder why people feel called upon to behave like gluttons on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Many of them eat themselves into fevers, and the comical side of the situation is that they never know what is the matter with them. A friend has just called who has been suffering from malaria since Thanksgiving, and another is sure he is threatened with typhoid fever. I am convinced it was the mince pie in both cases, and in the other instances which have come under my observation it was the plum pudding that did the mischief.

The ways of housekeepers are mysterious. Why a heavy desert should be added to a heavy dinner I cannot imagine, and isn't it time to depart from the teachings and practices of our fore mothers in this respect?

It seems as if Brooklyn has feasted more generously this Thanksgiving than ever before—perhaps to show its delight in escaping a water famine.

A sensible housekeeper who has the welfare of the world at heart, sends me some recipes for simple desserts, and advises that such pleasant and digestible articles of diet shall always be partaken of after a hearty dinner. One is orange jelly, which she recommends as safe and delicious. I give it with great pleasure, and one is see moss blancmange which I have preached so much about. Of course I am glad to emphasize that recipe: Take two ounces of gelatine to the juice of five oranges and one lemon, a little of the orange peel and two cups of granulated sugar. Soak for half an hour in a pint of cold water, then add three pints of boiling water and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Strain through a fine sieve or jelly bag, pour into moulds and cool. It takes some time for this delicacy to harden, and it is well to make it a day before it is wanted.

For sea moss blancmange, wash carefully half a teacup of moss in tepid water and add it to a quart of milk and a pinch of salt. Use a vessel that will not scorch and let the contents stew slowly until the milk thickens. Try it occasionally, till you learn to make it, by cooling a teaspoonfull. If it hardens it is done. Wet a bowl or mold in cold water and pour in. When cold eat with sugar and cream.

This correspondent also sends what she calls "guides for indefinite measures." They are as follows, and will undoubtedly be found very useful:

One quart of sifted flour weighs but one pound. One quart of pulverized sugar weighs about one pound seven ounces. One pint of closely packed butter weighs about one pound. One tablespoonful of butter weighs about one ounce. Ten eggs weigh about one pound. One quart of corn meal weighs about one pound.

This bright cook has also invented a new bread recipe which she asks me to try before recommending. This has been done, and it is all that she claims for it. The texture of this bread is a little different from the usual loaf, and is good for a change.

One pint milk and water (blood warm) 1 tablespoonful of granulated sugar. 1 tablespoonful of butter, and one half teaspoonfull of salt. 2 Fleischmann's yeast cakes. Enough twice sifted flour to make a soft smooth dough. Rub the butter into the flour—sift in the sugar and salt, dissolve the yeast in a little water from the 1 pint. Mix with a wooden spoon and beat well, adding flour till it is just dry enough to stick to the pan. *Never* knead it. When sufficiently risen take it up on your flowered hands, just touching it enough to mould it, and put it into pans to rise again, from 15 to 30 minutes. When it begins to blister put into the oven. This will make two medium sized loaves that will cut smooth as cake. If it browns too rapidly cover with a paper; this will prevent the crust from getting tough.

It is so strange that housekeepers do not more clearly understand the necessity of providing such food for the family as can be digested without trouble and properly assimilated. Not only would there be more health in the household, but less friction and anxiety in the management of all the affairs pertaining to it.

A Southern writer informs me that she has boxes and bags of feathers and ribbons and pieces of velvet. She would like to make some Christmas presents of hats to some of her friends who are too poor to buy as pretty ones as can be constructed from her materials. But she doesn't know how to go to work, and what shall she do?

My advice would be to select the things which will be most becoming to the persons she wishes to make happy, and pay a milliner to put them together. It seemed to me the other day as I amused myself by looking at the pretty things on Broadway, that I could almost make a hat myself, the styles are so simple and so charming. Just now this great thoroughfare is looking its very best, and the sidewalks are crowded with style seekers. The handsomest window, and the one which attracts the most ladies, is Lord & Taylor's. From morning till night this vantage ground is occupied by ladies in quest of the unique in costume. Here can be found the ladies of society, and the beautifully attired modiste who is seeking the latest designs and materials for her customers. And women do not make up the whole audience at this popular Broadway corner. The display is so artistic and so remarkably beautiful that men often linger and look, and perhaps take home valuable hints to their women folk. This is a swell show, and appeals to all who are possessed of good taste, and furnishes many an idea to those who are unable to indulge in such elegant fabrics. There are reception and dinner dresses, the most charming and stylish wraps and mantles, opera cloaks, and hats for every face and complexion. The blending of colors and shades in these wonderful costumes show the hand of an experienced artist, and who can wonder that the world stops to pay its tribute, and that the counters which hold these almost priceless goods are surrounded by those who have learned outside just what to purchase inside? ELEANOR KIRK.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The Rev. Father Friedon, of the St. Louis University, was a guest at the Sacred Heart rectory during the week.

The Rev. Father Rinaud, S J, superior of the Province of Canada, is a guest at St. Ignatius College.

The Right Rev. Bishop Hennessy, of Wichita, Kan., preached in St. Mary's church, Wabash avenue and Eldridge court, last Sunday.

The Rev. Father Fitzgerald, rector of St. Ignatius College, preached at high mass last Sunday in the Holy Family church on West Twelfth street.

A collection was taken up last Sunday at all the masses in the Holy Family church for the poor of the parish in charge of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Miss Mary M. Mellise delivered a lecture before the Union Catholic Library Association, at No. 94 Dearborn street, last Friday evening. Subject: "Isabella of Castile."

The Rev. Father Campbell, provincial of the New York and Maryland provinces of the Society of Jesus, spent a few days in the city, the guest of the pastors of Holy Family church.

The Union Catholic Library and Reading rooms, No. 94 Dearborn street, are in charge of the librarian, Miss Alice Coffey, and will be open daily from 12 to 3 o'clock and from 12 to 6 o'clock on Saturday.

There was a solemn high mass in the Jesuit church on West Twelfth street last Tuesday, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, and a sermon by the Rev. Father Poland.

The feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed in all the churches last Tuesday. It was a holy day of obligation, and the services were the same as on Sunday. This has been selected as the patronal feast of the United States.

The archbishop of Chicago went to Harvard last Thursday for the purpose of dedicating the new St. Joseph's church, of which the Rev. Father Hogan is the pastor. The new building is one of the finest in the archdiocese and will stand as an everlasting monument to the zeal and devotion of the pastor whose heart is wrapped up in his work.

The Rev. Father Tighe of the Holy Angel's church has returned from his visit to Rome. He had a special audience with the sovereign pontiff, who commissioned him to impart the papal benediction to his congregation.

Father Cashman of St. Jarlath's inaugurated congregation singing at his church last Sunday evening week, and the venture was eminently successful, the large church being filled to the doors.

The Altar and Rosary Society of St. Elizabeth's parish received holy communion last Sunday at the 8 o'clock mass.

The new German church of St. Mauritius, Hoyne avenue and Thirty-sixth streets, is rapidly approaching completion. This will be of great benefit to the residents of Mountpleasant district, as since the exodus of the French inhabitants to Brighton Park, the church of St. John the Baptist had been closed. Mass is celebrated in the temporary chapel at 8 and 10:30 a.m. Rev. George I. Blatter is the pastor.

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY.

The quarterly meeting of all the conferences in the city of St. Vincent de Paul Society will be held next Sunday at 3 o'clock, in St. Mary's church, Wabash avenue and Eldridge court. His grace the Archbishop is expected to be present. The Rev. T. P. Hodnett will address the assembly. It is earnestly requested that the members of the several conferences throughout the city will attend. The coming winter will require all the efforts of St. Vincent de Paul Society to meet the demands of the sick and poor in the city.

The correctness of the maxim "nothing succeeds like success" is well exemplified in Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The most successful combination of alteratives and tonics, it always succeeds in curing diseases of the blood, and hence its wonderful popularity.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

THE BATTLE OF BALLINAMUCK.

A brief lull occurred in the firing as a body of scarlet clad horsemen rode into the French and insurgent ranks, loudly calling upon them to surrender, in full belief that they were about to do so, and coveting the distinction of being their leading captors. The party, which was chiefly composed of Foxhunters, were soon rudely undeceived, the French chasseurs dashing forward and surrounding them, wounding some and making all prisoners. Among the surprised, wounded, and captured cavaliers was a field officer, Gen. Craddock, who afterwards acted as second to the "Castle bravo," Isaac Corry, in his duel with Henry Grattan. But another of the captives was a man of even greater note.

"Surrender, my lord!—we have changed places, if but for a few minutes," cried Patrick Barrett, seizing the rein of a plunging horse, whose rider wore a certain familiar orange bedizened uniform.

Lord Roden, for it was he, dashed his hand to his holsters, but ere his late cruel tormentor could draw a pistol, Barrett, despite his stiff and swollen wrist, seized him by the throat and fiercely hurled him to the ground, where he lay half stunned beneath the hoofs of the horses.

But now, like a succession of thunder claps, came the peals of the English ordnance, flashing and showering death upon the Franco Irish force, while along in front of the latter, and stretching out and circling towards either flank, rapid jets of flame and clouds of smoke marked the advance of the attacking line.

Wonderful was the intrepidity displayed in the surrounding and outnumbering army, from the commander in-chief to the simplest peasant.

"Come, my brave comrade, we die together," cried Humbert to Teeling, coolly expressing the spirit of desperate resolve that animated the fellow countrymen of each, assembled there in arms against the common foe.

For an incredible time the unequal combat lasted.* The blue line, extending across the hill and plain, kept up a spirited musketry fire in response to the tremendous leaden cyclone that swept upon it, and the French ordnance, now reduced to three four pounders, maintained a steady and spirited reply to the superior English artillery. French and Irish stood to their posts and fought valiantly on, their ranks thinning beneath that terrible battle blast; neophytes vying with veterans in the dread art of war, and coolly loading and firing while a terrible leaden shower whistled around them and dashed the earth in their faces, and the ground beneath them was dark and slippery with the life blood of many a dear and gallant comrade.

Patrick Barrett, with his semi disabled hand, could only look passively on the struggle, various incidents of it becoming indelibly impressed on his mind and brain. Near at hand were the captive Foxhunters, numbering over twenty, the grim faces of Roden and his men wincing occasionally as a roundshot or bullet sang over their heads, fired by some marksman on their own side, who was recklessly inattentive to the command to avoid hitting the group in scarlet. Still nearer him, on the blood stained turf, her white arm curved under her head, and her sweet cameo like face upturned, lay a young girl, dead—shot through the heart—"one of the most beautiful Irish girls ever seen, who had ventured probably into the fire to assist a brother or lover," says a writer of the period. Lifeless and lovely, a melancholy figure of Erin, her native land, that day also so fearfully stricken, she seemed to him. His heart rent with pity, he turned his gaze towards where an insurgent group, composed chiefly of late members of the Longford and Kilkenny militia bent on selling their lives as dearly as possible, were actively working the guns under direction of O'Dowda and others.

Prominent among these bold artillerymen was Gunner Magee, a brave fellow who seceded from the English army at Castlebar. With cool and consummate skill he sent round after round into the thick of the advancing ranks.

At length a shout of dismay arose from the insurgents. The French had surrendered! The horizon seeming to grow red in all directions with approaching British reinforcements. Humbert had become aware of the inutility of further resistance and the wantonness of sacrificing the lives of any more of his men, who were now by his orders holding up their hats on their bayonets as a signal of surrender.

At this a number of the insurgents, keenly realizing their abandoned plight, began to run into the neighboring bog to escape the sabres of the cavalry, one of their leaders heroically calling upon them to turn and resist the charge, but in vain, although his words were afterwards vividly remembered:

"Long pikes to the front, or Ireland is lost!"

Despite the French surrender and the flight of their comrades a number of brave fellows still stood with Spartan like fidelity to their guns upon the hillside, encouraged by the example of O'Dowda and Magee. The latter, almost to the moment of the French surrender, sent a ball into an English caisson, or ammunition wagon, which exploded, scattering destruction among the scarlet ranks.

"Well done, my boy! we are dying pretty hard. Load away again," exclaimed O'Dowda, while a tornado of death hurtled around, the English fire being now concentrated on this intrepid "Old Guard" of the insurgents. But there were no more balls available. In this extremity a number of camp kettles were smashed to pieces and the metal fragments crammed into the gun. Crash! came a roundshot which broke one of the wheels, and the piece was rendered useless. Then ensued an extraordinary instance of heroism and self sacrifice.

"Fire away!" cried two men, cousins of Gunner Magee, rushing forward and supporting the gun with their backs, while he applied the match. The discharge tore through an advancing party of British; the two brave cousins, their spines broken by the recoil, lay helpless beneath the gun, where the steel of the enemy soon put them out of pain; Magee, disdaining to fly, fell musket and bayonet in hand, beside the cannon; O'Dowda, fighting like a lion, was captured; the remainder were slain or dispersed.

Woe befel the unfortunate fugitives who had fled into the bog. Their place of refuge was, says an English officer, "entirely surrounded by horse and foot, who never ceased while a rebel was alive—after which the Marquis (Cornwallis) marched off with his prisoners," that is, to Ballinalee, or St. Johnstown, four miles to the south, where hanging was to take the place of shooting and sabering with regard to the captured "cropples."

The appalling human batue in the Ballinamuck bog was soon over—a brief matter when every ten British soldiers had the killing of only one poor Irish "rebel"—but cavalry were pursuing the remainder of the scattered insurgents far and wide, and firing was heard in every direction. Lake proceeded to inspect his French prisoners.

"The tally Col. Crawford?" he inquired, as he rode along the captive array, surveying with surprise the insignificant stature, worn features, and threadbare uniforms of the little band which had chased him from Castlebar, held out against him for a fortnight, despite his overwhelming military resources, and even managed to penetrate to the centre of Ireland.

"The tally?"

"Two captures are as follows," replied the officer addressed, reading from a note book: "French privates, 748; with officers, 96; one hundred horses; three cannon, four pounders; five ammunition wagons nearly full of made up ammunition, one tumbril, seven hundred stand of arms, with belts and pouches, and a large number of pikes. Gen. Bumbert, Gen Lake," he continued, introducing his superior to the chief of the captured force.

"Indeed!" And hastily summoning his scant knowledge of French, Lake inquired with a sneer, "And now, General, pray where is your army?"

The well knit form of the Lorrainer grew haughtily rigid; the sleepy eye lost its sleeplessness and flashed with pride and disdain.

"There," he curtly replied, pointing to his disarmed soldiers—three fourths of the force that landed, seventeen days previously, at Killala.

"And where would you go to overthrow the English?"

"To Dublin—to break the fetters of those who languish under the weight of your tyranny."

"That project," remarked Lake, "could only be born in a French brain."

The sharp eyes of the butcher general wandered searchingly from face to face of the blue clad officers before him. Several of the British officers who knew Bartholomew Teeling had the generosity not to recognize him under present circumstances; it remained for their truculent commander in chief to act as felon setter, and a malicious smile played on the face of Lake as he recognized the young Irishman who had learned him among his guard at Logafoil, near Castlebar, after the slaughter of the French who had escorted the flag of truce. He now had him in his power to work his will upon him; there was no prospect of English officers being executed in retaliation.

"This is a British subject," he sternly said, pointing to Teeling, who confronted him with unfaltering mien, "and as such he must abide the consequences of his treason."

Humbert warmly remonstrated; it was a breach, he said, of national honor and the law of arms, adding:

"I will not part with him; an hour ago and ere this had occurred, he should have perished in the midst of us, with a ram part of French bayonets around him. I will accompany him to prison or to death."

Meanwhile preparations were afoot for the execution of some of the insurgent prisoners, and in a short time the bodies of Col Blake, and about ninety of the Longford, Louth, and Kilkenny Militia, condemned as deserters from the British army, were dangling from trees in the neighborhood of the battle field. The chief executioner was a wretch named M'Hugh, who callously whistled 'Croppies lie down" as he set about his dreadful task.

Among the less ferocious of the British officers the fine appearance and manly bearing of poor Blake excited general regret at his sad fate.

"It was the army, and not I, who deserted at Castlebar," cried one of the doomed militiamen as the fatal noose was flung over his head; "while I was fighting hard you all ran away and left me to be murdered."

Greedy soldiers and camp followers were busy among the dead bodies, so that these, completely stripped of their clothing, soon lay white and ghastly in the sun. About 500 insurgents had fallen, or one third of the number that fought on that fatal field. An English officer who visited the scene of slaughter the following day, wrote:

"How awful to see that heathy mountain covered with dead bodies, resembling at a distance flocks of sheep, for numbers were entirely naked and swelled with the weather!"

Large numbers of insurgents broke through the circle of steel that surrounded them and made their escape. In company with a small body of well mounted horsemen, including Councillor McDonnell and Father Gannon, Barrett dashed through a detachment of Hessians, who reeled before the sabre strokes and pistol shots of the desperate fugitives, and rode away westwards, hoping to escape across the Shannon. But very soon his horse, which had been wounded in the leg, fell behind, and he was obliged to quit his saddle and hide in a friendly hedge to avoid a Hessian picket which swept by on the track of the fugitives.

Presently, concealed amid the bushes of an ancient rath, he was surprised to meet Matthew Tone, who had exchanged his French uniform for the garb of a peasant. Barrett thought it advisable to adopt a similar disguise, which was easily procurable from the body of one of the slaughtered insurgents.

"And now, for safety's sake, we had better separate, as we shall be thus better able to evade the vigilance of our pursuers," said Tone. "Let us part here, never I fear, to meet again in this world. Teeling and Roche are taken; I have a presentiment that I shall soon join them. Good-bye, dear friend, and God bless you!"

Poor Tone's apprehension was speedily verified. On the Mohill road he met with a yeoman trooper named Thomas Armstrong who with two others of his corps was returning home, and by these he was at once made prisoner—they afterwards receiving a small reward for their performance.†

Among the numerous prisoners who were marched south to the old "pocket borough" of Ballinalee, or St. Johnstown, was Baron James O'Dowda, who was speedily court martialed and condemned. The circumstances of his death are still related by tradition. When standing on the cart beneath the fatal tree, his noble appearance attracted the attention of a local squireen, Duke Crofton of Mohill Castle, who addressed him in a tone of insolent pity:

"You have brought yourself to a nice pitch. I believe you're a gentleman, and that your father keeps a pack?"

"Yes, he keeps three packs," was the reply, with a final burst of Milesian pride and contempt, "and his whippers-in are better gentlemen than you."

"As I have to die," continued O'Dowda, exercising even at this crucial moment a quaint notion of the proprieties, "I shall not die like a trooper." Although his arms were pinioned he managed to remove his boots, one foot assisting the other. "Now," said he, "I am ready." A prayer moved his lips as the cart rumbled from beneath him, leaving him suspended; and one of the last chiefs of the Tir Fiachrach had given his life in his country's cause.

In his camp at Ballinalee the Marquis Cornwallis, Lord lieutenant of Ireland and commander of the forces, celebrated his victory—albeit infinitely inferior to that which had been gained over the marquis himself by the gallant Washington—by a brutal carnival of hanging. Local tradition states that no less than 130 men were here strangled to death. "Murder appears to be their favorite pastime," the marquis wrote of the Irish yeomanry; and at Ballinalee he did much to glut their savage propensity. A mound in a small plot of ground known as Bully's Acre still marks the burial place of the victims.

The French prisoners were marched to Longford prison. Next day Humbert and his officers were conveyed towards Dublin. Soon afterwards Teeling, Roche and Tone were forwarded to the central government butchery in the metropolis.‡

Sick and chill at heart, Patrick Barrett dragged his weary feet, cruelly aching from his late picketing, towards the Shannon.

With much caution he crept along, hiding amid heath and bog holes in the wild district of Drumlish, hearing in all directions, near at hand and far away, shots, shouts, cries of terror and agony, and witnessing from his covert the slaughter of many a hunted insurgent.

After several miles of painful and superhuman toil there came like a blessing upon his gaze the gleam of the broad Shannon. The bridges were guarded by the military, but some distance below the falls of Rooskey he found a friendly boatman who conveyed him across, and as evening fell he stood with a gratefully throbbing heart upon the kindly soil of Connacht.

* The English accounts say the fight at Ballinamuck lasted half an hour; the French accounts say it lasted three hours.

† Feb 23 1799 M Crofton, for three men of Militia £34 2s 6d."—*Board of Secret Service Payments.*

‡ Sept 14, 1798. Lieutenant Atkinson, Louth Militia, expenses of bringing Lt Roche and Teeling French officers to Dublin £16 14s 10d." *Board of Secret Service Payments.*

Mar. 14 1800 Capt. W Harris, of the Killeshandra cavalry, expenses of bringing up Matthew Tone, September, 1798, £20 6s 3d."—*Ibid.*

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Help but Don't Coerce.

To help nature in its efforts to throw off the trammels of disease is, of course, the legitimate method of medication. This method is, unfortunately, too often diverged from and help perverted into coercion. Drastic, excessive purging is undoubtedly the most frequent form of coercion of this sort. The bowels are forced, literally wrenched into action. Of course this is accompanied with much griping pain, and succeeded by exhaustion, which leaves the organs of evacuation in a state incompatible with subsequent regularity and activity. The last state of that man or woman who uses drastic cathartics for constipation is decidedly worse than the first. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the finest laxative in existence, since it produces the needful but no abnormal action, is progressive, not abrupt in operation, and strengthens instead of weakening the organs upon which it acts. Use it for malarial, kidney rheumatic and dyspeptic ailments.

GAELIC POETRY.

'S a Mhuirinn Dilis.

Ba dúbhach an lá ud do sgaras lem' stórach,
'S a mhúirnín dilis Eibhlín óg!
Bhí brise air mo chridhe 'nuair phógas a deora,
'S a mhúirnín dilis Eibhlín óg!
Ba bhán a mín leasa air mo cléibh mar an lile,
A lámha ba fuar mar drucht ot beh' air sleadh,
Do smuaineas nach feicfinn go bráth bráth a gile,
'S a mhúirnín dilis Eibhlín óg!

B dígin dam seoladh mar saighdiúir i-'r bh-fhearaibh,
'S a mhuirnín dilis Eibhlín óg,
B dígin dom stór dul a bh-fad ti ár na marabh,
'S a mhuirnín dilis Eibhlín og!
Gluaisid ár sluaighte go beodha ag glór-dh,—
Tracht air an g-cath 's ag roinn na g-creach órdha'
A's meise i obr-dnach dubhchridheach faoi dneora'
'S a mhúirnín dilis Eibhlín og!

Air do shon-sa O Eire, is fada do bhuaileas,
'S a mhuirnín dilis Eibhlín óg!
'S air shon mo stóirín mo thuaradal shabhaias,
'S a mhuirnín dilis Eibhlín óg!
Thainic an t-siothchain, ár saothair bói deunta
D'fhilleas chum m' aon-sacht le suaircess duil' lionta—
'Nuair fuaras mo rún sa tre bhrón san uaimh siúte,
'S a mhuirnín dilis Eibhlín óg!

Coaling Stations, Nicaragua Canal.

FARIBAULT, Minn., Dec 8, 1891.—When the navies of the world were sailing vessels, the United States did not need coaling stations. Since the civil war of 1861 iron clads have superseded wooden vessels. England was prepared for this change, as she had colonies all over the globe where she could have all kinds of naval supplies. She could protect her flag and subjects in the ports of the world. The United States has no coaling station from Florida to California, or a harbor for her sick soldiers or for the repairing of her war vessels, except at the Samoan Islands, from Key West to Cal fornia. We have to beg either of our enemies or neutral powers for coal, provisions and permission for repairing our national vessels.

A few years ago the United States could have purchased the island of Cuba for $10,000,000. We could have acquired from Denmark the island of St. Thomas, in the West Indies. The treaty for its purchase was rejected in the Senate. In 1884 President Arthur made a treaty with the Republic of Nicaragua which provided that the United States could build and own the Nicaragua Canal. The treaty was sent to the United States Senate in 1884, but when President Cleveland got into power in 1885 he withdrew the treaty from the Senate. Were it not for the withdrawal of this important treaty the United States would have built and owned the Nicaragua Canal. We would have a coaling station at Greytown and Brito. Our navy could go through the Nicaragua Canal in twenty eight hours, saving a distance of several thousand miles around South America. With the Nicaragua Canal and naval stations at Greytown and Brito our Minister would not be insulted and our marines murdered in Chili. It is about time for the United States congress to wake up to this dangerous state of affairs and pass the Senate bill aiding the construction of the Nicaragua Canal; it should pass a bill for the purchase of the island of St. Thomas; a bill for leasing from the Republic of Nicaragua and the Nicaragua Canal Company a coaling dock or pier at Greytown and Brito, and a suitable harbor in Peru as a coaling station and as a place for repairing our war vessels; also a bill for the fortification of the harbor of San Francisco.

P. CUDMORE.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCELS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skilful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. It's arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[Col. John George Ryan in *The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with great interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in a direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, told in the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

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MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Elected Speaker After a Long and Lively Fight.

EXCITING TIME IN THE CAUCUS.

Springer Saw That His Game Was Up and Voted for the Georgian on the Thirtieth Ballot—The Choice Formally Ratified by the House in Business Session—Doings in the Senate—Other Washington City News of Interest.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—It is Speaker Crisp. After one of the hottest speakership battles in the last twenty years the Georgian has triumphed. Reed won his speakership fight on the third ballot and Crisp won his on the second, but it took thirty ballots covering two days to raise Judge Crisp to the dignity of a position second only to that of the presidency.

CHARLES FREDERICK CRISP.

The Illinois candidate did not win, but he did the next best thing. He commanded the situation at the climax. It was Springer's vote to Crisp which started the final break to the Georgian, and it was the further accession of four of Springer's forlorn remnant that carried Crisp beyond the winning point and made him speaker.

Saw the Game Was Up.

The incidents when this climax came were dramatic in the extreme. General Newberry and Cable of Illinois had abandoned Springer during the afternoon and the Illinois standard had only twelve loyal men left around it. Crisp and Mills were both forging ahead ballot after ballot. McMillin was holding his own. Then Springer saw his game was up. He called his loyal twelve together in one of the ante-rooms of the house and told them they were free to leave him and vote for whom they were inclined. This released Durborow and McGann of Chicago and two others who went to Crisp. At this point the decisive thirtieth ballot was taken. It gave Crisp 112, or two short of enough to win. Springer still held eight. Could Crisp get the necessary two? Men fought their way through the house doors, eager to arrange deals for and against the man so near to victory. Springer hurried from the floor to the committee room where Judge Tree, General Black and others were waiting.

Springer Elected Crisp.

"What will I do?" asked Springer, excitedly. He whispered with Tree and Black and the three gesticulated and argued.

"McMillin has voted for Mills!" This was a shout from the hallway. It was like a cannon shot thrown into the little group around Springer. McMillin's solid ranks had not only been broken, but McMillin himself was stampeding to Mills.

"Hurry, Springer, hurry!" shouted Orendorf and Clendenin of Illinois in chorus. "Cut off the McMillin stampede to Mills by swinging your strength to Crisp."

Springer fairly rushed back to the house. In half a minute a great shout was heard inside, then word came from within the closed doors that Springer had voted for Crisp and had carried four of his men to the Crisp standard. That settled it. Crisp had more than enough. Springer had stopped the Mills stampede in the nick of time and had elected Crisp speaker of the house of representatives.

Kerr for Clerk of the House.

The four Springer men who followed their leader and elected Crisp were Busey, Steward, Holman and Stockdale. Four others who had stood by Springer from the first refused to quit him, even when he led the way. These four, Snow, Bryan, Patton and Martin, stuck to Springer even after Crisp was elected and are recorded for him on the final ballot. The other successful candidates are: For clerk, James Kerr of Pennsylvania; sergeant-at-arms, Samuel S. Yoder of Ohio; doorkeeper, Charles H. Turner of New York; postmaster, L. G. Dalton of Indiana.

The victory of Crisp is generally regarded here chiefly significant in its bearing on presidential candidates and issues. Mills came to be recognized as the candidate who embodied Cleveland's idea—that tariff should be the issue of '92, while Crisp was recognized as the exponent of the Hill idea—that the silver question should be given equal rank with the tariff. The defeat of Mills is construed as a reverse to Cleveland and his opposition to silver.

CRISP FORMALLY ELECTED.

The Day's Doings in the Senate and House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The crowd in the galleries when the house was called to order Tuesday was as large as that of Monday. Clerk McPherson called the house to order, and after the reading of the journal Homan of Indiana, chairman of the Democratic caucus, moved to proceed to the election of a speaker; agreed to. Holman nominated Charles F. Crisp of Georgia. Henderson of Illinois, chairman of the Republican caucus, placed Reed in nomination. Jeremiah Simpson of Kansas nominated Thomas E. Watson of Georgia the candidate of the Farmers' Alliance.

Result of the Vote.

Tellers were appointed and the vote began. When Mills and Springer voted for Crisp the Democrats applauded. The clerk announced that Crisp had received 228 votes, Reed 83 and Watson 9, and that Crisp was duly elected. There was much applause on the Democratic side. The clerk appointed Mills and Reed to escort Crisp to the chair, where Holman administered the oath of office. There was much handclapping and cheering. Crisp on taking the chair thanked the representatives for the honor and said he would endeavor to discharge his duties with courtesy, fairness and impartiality. The speaker then called on Chaplain Milburn for prayer, after which the new members were sworn in.

The Day in the Senate.

Senator Jones of Arkansas who was absent when his name was called Monday, came forward and took oath of office on his re election. The vice president laid before the senate the twenty-ninth annual report of the comptroller of the currency; the report of the superintendent of census and on the expediency of establishing a permanent census bureau, with a draft of a bill for that purpose prepared in accordance with a senate resolution of February last; the findings of the court of claims in the French spoliation cases; the annual reports of Secretary McCook and Sergeant-at-Arms Valentine of the senate, and a number of petitions and memorials of state legislatures.

Our Pork Can Enter France.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The following cablegram was received at the state department yesterday addressed to Secretary Blaine from the United States legation at Paris, and dated Dec. 5: "I have the pleasure to report that the president yesterday promulgated the law fixing the duty on pork and today publishes a decree repealing from this date the prohibition on American pork which has existed in France since Feb. 18, 1881." The meats must be inspected on this side before they are admitted to France, and after admission they must be examined again and proven wholesome.

Democratic Executive Committee.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The executive committee of the national Democratic committee met at the Arlington hotel Tuesday morning and decided to call a meeting of the full committee in Washington on Jan. 21 to determine upon the time and place for holding the national Democratic convention in 1892. The meeting of the executive committee was attended by Senators Gorman, Brice and Barbour. No other business was transacted.

John Couldn't Have Been Busy.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Postmaster General Wanamaker when shown Monday the published statement to the effect that at a cabinet meeting he opposed any action of the administration in the settlement of the difficulty with Chili, save by arbitration, quietly glanced over the article, and said in his usual mild tone of voice that there was not one word of truth in the statement.

The Supreme Court Holiday.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Chief Justice Fuller announced to the supreme court Monday that the court will adjourn on Monday, Dec 21, until Jan. 4—the usual holiday recess. Opinions will be delivered and motions heard on Monday, the 21st inst., and any case which may be under argument will be finished, but no case will be taken up for argument on that day.

Improved Postal Facilities.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service White will on Jan. 1, 1892 establish an additional service of clerks on the Chicago and Alton railroad, between St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo. This will furnish that line with double service over its whole length, expediting the mails in all offices along that road.

Democratic National Committee.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Chairman Calvin S. Brice, of the national Democratic committee, has arrived in Washington to attend the meeting of the executive committee of the national Democratic committee, which convened Tuesday.

New Banks Authorized.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—The First National bank of Defiance, O., capital $150,000 was Monday authorized to begin business. The corporate existence of the First national, of Plattsburg, Neb., was extended to Dec 12, 1911.

THE "RUSTLERS" OF WYOMING.

A War of Extermination Likely To Be Inaugurated.

OMAHA, Dec. 8.—State Senator Durban, of Wyoming, who is here, says that rustlers have ruined the cattle business in that state, and that a war of extermination is likely soon to begin against the thieves by ranchmen. Stock raisers are being driven away, he says, by heavy losses resulting from thefts. He himself has suffered such severe losses as to necessitate his closing out a $750,000 business and leaving the state, at least as far as business is concerned.

Ruining a Great Industry.

Other cattlemen are in the same predicament. Durban says the thieves not only steal steers and calves and rebrand them, but shoot cows, thus destroying the source of increase. These criminals are mostly desperadoes from Texas and are in such numbers as to render it impossible for ranchers to cope with them. They hold the law in utter defiance, and are, Mr. Durban says, actually ruining one of the largest industries in Wyoming.

Will Resume Friendly Relations.

CHICAGO, Dec. 8.—D. J. Roberts, who was Monday appointed general passenger agent of the Erie lines, gave notice to the Erie ticket agents that, taking effect immediately, friendly relations would be resumed with the Chicago and Alton. Alton tickets will be sold by Erie agents, and baggage will be checked through to Alton points and to points reached via the Alton. So, too, tickets issued by the Alton will be honored on the Erie trains, and baggage from Alton territory will receive official attention from Erie baggagemen. The action of the Erie will be quietly followed by that of other roads and will no doubt effectually kill the Alton boycott.

Married a Chinaman.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—At Chelsea Monday afternoon Rev. Toy H. Lee, a well known Chinese missionary of this city, married Miss Martha H. Comstock, a teacher of drawing in the Charlestown district. The ceremony created a good deal of interest in religious circles in this section, and was witnessed by a large number of persons. Mr. Lee is the only native Chinese missionary here. He resided in Chicago several years after coming from China and has been in Boston only about two and a half years.

Deposits in the Maverick Bank.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—It is announced at the sub-treasury that the deposits of the receiver of the Maverick bank amount to nearly $2,500 000. The first dividend will, it is believed, not exceed 30 per cent., and the total dividend 75 per cent.

RUSSELL SAGE'S PERIL.

A Stranger Throws a Dynamite Bomb at Him.

THE MILLIONAIRE BADLY INJURED,

The Man Who Threw the Explosive and Several Others Killed—Washington Connor, the Well-Known Broker, Also Seriously Hurt—The Stranger Made a Demand Upon Mr. Sage for $1,000,000 Before Throwing the Bomb.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4.—Shortly after 11 o'clock Friday morning a stranger entered the office of Russell Sage, the well known millionaire, on lower Broadway. He demanded that he be given a million dollars. He opened a sachel which he was carrying and seizing a bomb threw it at

RUSSELL SAGE.

the head of Mr. Sage. The latter dodged and the bomb struck the office wall, exploding with a fearful crash. Mr. Sage was badly but not fatally injured. The bomb was loaded with dynamite.

Mr. Sage's Story of the Affair.

Russell Sage was taken from his office and carried across the street to a drug store. He is badly burned about the face and shoulders, but his injuries are not serious. He gives the following account of the affair: "Shortly after 10 o'clock a man whom I had never seen before entered my office. He carried a large sachel and gave the name of W. H. Wilson. He inquired for me and demanded that I give him a million dollars. I tried to talk with him, but he became excited and opening the valise he took from it a long bottle and threw it at my head. I dodged the missile and it struck the opposite wall and instantly exploded. There was a fearful crash and I was thrown out of my chair. I do not remember much more about the affair."

The Assassin Instantly Killed.

The explosion completely wrecked the interior of the office and several of the clerks were seriously if not fatally injured. The man who threw the bomb was instantly killed by the concussion. Mr. Washington Connor, the well-known broker, was in the office at the time and was seriously injured.

Mr. Slocum, the chief clerk of Mr. Sage is badly cut about the head. The safe was broken open and the securities scattered over the building and street. Dr. Matthew Field, whose office is in the building, escaped by the fire escape. Many others whose offices were in the building made their escape in this manner, the only one injured being Dr. Field, who was struck and slightly injured by a falling timber.

The Dead and Injured.

The victims of the disaster as far as could be learned at 3 o'clock are as follows: Man who threw bomb; gave name of Wilson; blown to pieces. Unknown man, supposed to be companion of former, killed and mangled. Unknown woman, supposed to be Mr. Sage's typewriter, blown to pieces. Benjamin Morton, clerk in Mr. Sage's office, internally injured and right side blown out; died at Chambers Street hospital. S. G. Calhoun, of 165 Dean street, Brooklyn, who was in Mr. Sage's office or near it when the explosion occurred, badly burned on the side of the face, but otherwise uninjured. Colonel H. W. Slocum, Sage's brother-in-law, injured about the head and face. W. R. Laidlaw, Sage's clerk, leg lacerated and wounds about the face and body. Frank Robertson, a broker's clerk, 26 years old, living at Bergen Point, N. J., bruised and cut about the abdomen; dangerous. F. G. Morrison, who has an office in the building, badly cut and bruised. C. W. Osborn, 32 years old, 196 Berkley place, Brooklyn, severe injuries about body and face.

ST. LOUIS EXPRESS ROBBERY.

It Is Said That the Amount Secured Was About $75,000.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 3.—Nothing is yet definitely known as to how much money was stolen by the train robbers on the 'Frisco Monday night. Manager Damsel of the Adams Express company was seen Tuesday, and said that while he knew nothing definite as to the amount of money and valuables secured, he was sure that the amount exceeds $20,000. At the 'Frisco office it was stated that the amount was about $75,000. Dispatches received from Monett, Mo., state that the conductor, engineer, and fireman in an interview confirm the account of the robbery. The robbers performed their work so effectually and covered their tracks so well that there is not the slightest clew to identify them or their whereabouts.

Treaty with Germany.

PARIS, Dec. 7.—A dispatch from Berlin to The Le Temps says that a treaty of commerce has been concluded between Germany and the United States by which the latter country exempts German sugars from duty and Germany gives the United States the favored nation benefit.

For the Starving Russians.

MINNEAPOLIS, Dec. 7.—A reply from the Russian charge d'affaires in New York has been received favorable to the gift of a cargo of flour by American millers to the starving peasants of Russia and thirteen cars of flour have already been subscribed in Minneapolis alone.

An Idaho City Ablaze.

SPOKANE, Wash., Dec. 7.—A dispatch received from Coeur d'Alene City, Idaho, states that a terrible fire is raging at that place and from present appearances there is every probability of the whole city being wiped out.

SHOCKED TO DEATH.

Murderer Loppy Electrocuted at Sing Sing Prison.

SING SING, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Murderer Loppy was electrocuted at 12:08 p. m. Monday. Warder Brown left the prison at about 9 o'clock Monday morning, got into a hack and rode to the railroad depot. He waited there until 9:20 a. m., when trains arrived from New York and the upper part of the state. On these were Dr. Carlos McDonald and Dr. Jenkins, both of New York, and Dr. Daniels. There were four more witnesses among Warden Brown's guest, whose names could not be ascertained. Warden Brown courteously greeted the visitors, and the question they asked the warden was whether they would be able to return at night. The warden replied with a smile that he would answer that question later on. Some reporters overheard this conversation and the warden quickly ushered his guests into carriages and in a few minutes they were conveyed to the warden's office. The visitors all carried satchels and one man a large round box about 2 feet high and 1 foot in diameter, which was handled with great care.

Passed Off Quietly.

Prison Chaplain Silas G. Edgerton was the first man to emerge from the prison after the execution. He looked very pale and was much agitated. In answer to questions concerning the execution he declined to give any details, but said it was similar in every respect to the four witnessed by him in July. But there was no suffering and no scene.

Loppy died easily and went to the chair bravely, giving every one the impression that he did not care whether he lived or not. There were three contacts, the signals being manipulated by DR. Landy.

Died on the Gallows.

MT. VERNON, Mo., Dec. 4.—Charles M. Seaton was hanged here at 10:10 Friday morning for the murder of Lewis Channel, a mining engineer, at Joplin, Mo., about a year ago. Seaton made a farewell address from the scaffold, in which he warned his listeners to avoid the use of whisky and the company of bad women. He said if he had done so he would not have to die as he did. The drop fell at 10:10 and in fifteen minutes he was pronounced dead.

SEVERE WIND STORM.

Property in Tipton, Ind., and Muskegon, Mich., Damaged.

TIPTON, Dec. 7.—At 2 o'clock Friday morning Tipton was visited by a heavy wind and rain storm, and property to the amount of several thousand dollars was destroyed, but fortunately no one was injured. Picken & Kemp's bank building was unroofed and a portion of the rear wall destroyed. The greatest damage, however, was done on Main street, where a three-story brick business block was blown to pieces. The brick work on this building had just been finished and the wind laid it in ruins. Only a portion of the walls are now standing. The roofs were blown from several dwelling houses in the east part of the town.

Barges Sunk and Lives Lost.

NYACK, N. Y., Dec. 7.—Two lives were lost by the sinking of several barges near Haverstraw during a storm Friday night. The dead are Nicholas Nagel and Frank Murray. Captain Albertson of the schooner Alice Snidecker was struck by the boom of the vessel and killed. The gale did considerable damage to buildings in Rockland county.

Factory Blown Down.

MUSKEGON, Dec. 7.—A terrific wind storm passed over the city early Friday morning. Kelly Bros.' large brick factory in the suburb was blown down, other buildings were wrenched and damaged, and trees were torn up. Kelly Bros.' loss is $10,000. The damage to other property is considerable. The wind is blowing a gale.

WHIPPED THE REBELS.

Imperial Troops Win in a Long and Stubborn Battle.

LONDON, Dec. 7.—The Chronicle's Shanghai correspondent telegraphs that the rebels have met a complete, crushing defeat. He says 4,500 imperial troops met a force of 8,000 rebels at a point fifteen miles from Chooyang. The latter were very daring and had better cavalry than the imperial forces, who were at first compelled to move back. The conflict that ensued was long and stubborn. Finally there was a spirited charge from the imperial side. This threw the rebels into confusion and they began retreating, keeping up a running fight, however. No quarter was given. Eleven hundred rebels were slaughtered on the field, and those who were captured were immediately executed.

FEARS FOR A VESSEL.

The Lake Steamer Fountain City Thought To Be Lost.

CHICAGO, Dec. 7.—Marine men of this and other ports along the great lakes are excited over the possible fate that may have befallen the steamer Fountain City, its crew of twenty men and the passengers on board. Late Sunday afternoon the steamer had become lost in the heavy seas and storm outside Benton Harbor, Mich., and since then every effort has been made by vesselmen in the different ports to locate the lost steamer, but without success, and grave fears are entertained that the ill-fated steamer has foundered on the rocks and sunk with its precious freight to the bottom of the lake.

The Famine in Russia.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 7.—Four English Quaker delegates have arrived in Russia with the object of visiting the famine stricken districts. General Anukoff has been made managing chief of the central famine committee, with power to accept domestic and foreign subscriptions and to distribute relief without distinction as to race or creed. He has summoned nineteen governors to a conference in regard to the famine.

The Anarchists' Case.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 7.—The United States supreme court has postponed until the second Monday in January the hearing of the cases of Fielden and Schwab, the Chicago anarchists now imprisoned at Joliet, Ills., for complicity in the Haymarket riots.

Two Men Beheaded.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 7.—William Meadlow and Harry Knipe attempted to drive across the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road's track Sunday morning ahead of a passenger train. They were struck and killed. Both were beheaded.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Interesting Items Culled from the Collection of a Week.

At Galesburg, Ills., the Presbyterian church was burned. The loss is $35,000, and the insurance $16,500.

It is said that the Russian government will give to every one in the famine stricken district enough to support life.

Eight years ago H. H. Bowles of Cherryfield, Me., planted in his garden a small flowering shrub. Near the shrub grew a greengage and a cherry tree. Last year the shrub put forth cherry blossoms, but bore no fruit. This year it produced luscious fruit of the greengage variety.

John Carse, a Ritchie county farmer, was ambushed in West Virginia and shot. A man named Collins is under arrest charged with the deed.

A recent traveler in Cuba reports that all the small silver coins in that country have holes in them. Most of them are American dimes and quarters. The perforation is done to keep this kind of money in the country.

A cargo of copper valued at $610,000 was recently carried out of Lake Superior.

Five boys, while playing on the beach at Southampton, England, found a bomb and, not knowing what it was began playing with it, when it exploded, killing one boy and fatally wounding the others.

The First National bank of Damariscotta, Me., which suspended after the Maverick crash at Boston, has resumed payment.

A tobacco expert says that Oklahoma will become a great tobacco growing region.

The membership of the Farmers' Alliance in Kansas is said to have declined from 140,000 last year to 60,000 this year.

The insurance losses on the great lakes for October and September on account of the continued storms will aggregate $465,000.

* * *

George E. Barr, proprietor of the Hotel Warwick, at Springfield, Mass., shot his wife and then committed suicide because she refused to give him money.

Charles Carlson and Michael Aron, engaged in painting a building at Waterbury, Conn., fell from the scaffold and were killed.

J. S. Drew, a farmer who lived near Winona, Minn., fell from a hayloft and was killed.

Robbers bound and gagged Mrs. Elizabeth Simmons, 79 years old, of Tranquility, Onio, and stole $3,000 secreted in her house.

William Crawford, aged 18, of Celina, Ohio, fatally shot his little brother while hunting Tuesday.

According to President Von der Ahe, of the St. Louis Browns, the American Base Ball association will have but eight clubs next season.

The natives of the West Indies drink rum and gin, which they can purchase for 1 cent a glass, the glasses being about as large as a wine goblet.

Hundreds of women are engaged in rolling paper for cartridges at Spandau, Germany. This work has hitherto been done in prisons, but that source of supply is not sufficient.

Pennsylvania has twelve towns or post-offices with very peculiar names, viz: Stumptown, Bullskin, Shintown, Jugtown, Puckerty, Sin, Sis, Scrubgrass, Her's, Man's Choice, Maiden's Choice and Bird in Hand.

It is said that the Rock Island has decided to build south to the Gulf of Mexico.

* * *

Milton George of Chicago was elected president of the Illinois Farmers' Alliance at Galesburg.

Gross earnings of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad for the month of October were $3,880,730, and the net earnings were $859,004.

Four persons were killed and two were wounded by the derailing of a car at a switch at One Hundred and Forty-ninth street and Fourth avenue, New York.

The name "P. Reichter" was found scratched on the handle of the razor found near a corpse recently discovered in a cornfield near Bloomington, Ills.

At Haverstraw, N. Y., the Clinton dynamite works were blown up. Five men were killed.

An expected consignment of $1,500,000 will raise the total of gold received from Europe since Sept. 12 to $27,000,000.

A statement prepared at the treasury department shows that there has been a net increase in circulation of $12,768,909 since Nov. 1.

The reported killing of two white men by Apaches in Arizona has turned out to be the work of a white man named Fay who wore moccasins.

One of the silver wedding presents to the czarina was a $50,000 ermine mantle from the nobility of the province of Kherson.

At Cleveland the steambarge Edward S. Peace was nearly destroyed by fire Loss, $10,000. Philip Stutzman and Gus Ringer, engineer and fireman respectively, were cremated.

Louis N. Myers, member of a well-known family of Cleveland, died of lockjaw in a Kansas City hotel. He was injured Thanksgiving night, but whether accidentally or otherwise has not been discovered.

The Corn Belt bank at Bloomington, Ills., has been authorized to do business, with a capital stock of $100,000.

Two boys, August Shannon and Armour Glover of West Superior, Wis., while in a cave they had dug in a sawdust pile, were killed by the mass falling in upon them.

Admiral Walker of the White squadron has taken for his secretary Ensign Niblack, son of Judge Niblack of Indiana.

* * *

The private bank of M. N. Wills at Lamar, Mo., has assigned with liabilities of $38,000 and assets of $60,000.

The five mercantile appraisers at Philadelphia—Patton, Houseman, Crawford, Bell and Hunter—indicted for fraud in office, have been sentenced to dismissal from office.

Philadelphians are arranging to celebrate General Grant's next birthday anniversary with a banquet. The date is April 29.

Newton Grant, 13 years old, living at Sullivan, Ills., has been sent to the reform school on account of horse stealing.

W. G. Lanphear, employed by the O. F. Johnson company at Galesburg, Ills., has been missing since Sunday night. Indications show foul play.

Three persons were killed in a collision on the Bound Brook route, near Pennington, N. J. Eight were wounded.

Heavy rains are reported at St. Paul and various other places in Minnesota. At the same time blizzards are raging at Devil's Lake, N. D., and other points in the northwest.

The body of a baby, 2 months old, was found on the street at Cedar Falls, Ia. It had evidently been killed by being thrown on a stone step.

Commander Evans of the United States cruiser Yorktown has been assured by the intendente of Valparaiso, Chili, that he would insure the safety of all American seamen landing in Valparaiso.

At Evansville, Ind., the F. W. Cook brewery was burned. Loss, $50,000; insured.

Robbers held up a train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia road. The brigands secured about $1,000.

Frenzel Bros., retail clothiers at 545 and 550 Main street, Kansas City, have failed. Liabilities, $50,000; assets about the same.

Michael Davitt is expected to stand for the Waterford seat made vacant by the death of Richard Power. The Parnellite candidate is not yet announced.

Geis & Co., lithographers at Buffalo, are reported to be insolvent, with $675,000 nominal assets, and $476,000 liabilities.

* * *

Mrs. John Peddie of Deloraine, Man., was frozen to death during a blizzard.

Harry Moore was killed beneath a Wabash engine at Decatur, Ill. He leaves a wife whom he married a week ago.

The swine plague is carrying off hogs in great numbers in Scott and adjoining counties of Iowa. One farmer at Walnut Grove lost fifty.

A verdict of $5,000 was awarded against Morris D. Cutler in favor of George P. Poffer at Waukesha, Wis. The claim was for injuries received by the fall of a scaffold.

Mrs. Charles Duncheon, aged 67, dropped dead at her house near Chandlerville, Ills.

There is at Baltimore, Ireland, a fishing school where boys receive instructions in all branches of a sea fisherman's work, and in such allied industries as net-making, boat-building, cooperage and sail-making.

William Orr, who died at his home in Troy, N. Y., recently, claimed to have invented and used the first cylindrical wall paper printing press, and to have been the first to combine wood fiber with rags in the manufacture of printing paper.

The house of a mine boss who had made himself unpopular during the recent strike in the departments of Pas de Calais, France, was blown up by dynamite. The occupants escaped injury.

At Marinisco, Mich., Fair & Atwater's sawmill was burned. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $10,000.

The city solicitor of Philadelphia gives it as his opinion that colored boys cannot be admitted to Girard college if the will of Stephen Girard is to be properly interpreted. It appears that the discrimination was made by the testator in the words for "poor white male orphan children."

Of the reporters who try to interview Jay Gould in his office about one in five are admitted to his presence.

A dinner will be given at Delmonico's in New York Dec. 21, at which time the attitude of the Empire state toward the World's fair will be explained.

In the United States court at Winona, Minn., Frank McArthur was awarded $8,000 damages against the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railway company for permanent injuries received in making a "flying" switch at Maseppa, Minn., last May.

The three big trees from California, to be exhibited at the Chicago fair, are nearly ready for shipment.

It is said that the establishment of new Catholic dioceses in the Northwest will be recommended at the Vatican soon.

* * *

Four directors of the Northumberland Banking company of Sidney, N. S. W., which suspended payment a few weeks ago have been arrested on a charge of conspiracy at the instance of the official liquidator.

The South Carolina house of representatives has a prohibition bill the provisions of which are similar to the law now in force in Iowa.

The French Academy's first prize for virtue, 2,500 francs, was awarded this year to Marie Sedier of Bayonne, who has devoted herself to placing deserted children with peasants and artisans. In seven years she has rescued twenty-seven.

The Atchison (Kan.) Champion, property of the late Colonel John M. Martin, is offered for sale at $35,000.

Mdlle. Elsie St. Omer has begun a journey around the world in the interest of the Geographical society of Paris. The journey is to last three years, and the traveler is to devote special attention to the lives and customs of women in the various countries which she visits.

The Milwaukee Car Wheel works will move its plant to St. Paul and the T. Walter Woods Harvesting company of Boosick Falls, N. Y., will establish its western factory in the same city.

The fire in the Lake Superior Iron company's hematite shaft at Ishpeming, Mich., has been extinguished. The mine will be rebuilt.

During the eleven months ending November the total number of emigrants who left Liverpool was 199,537, of whom 163,953 went to the United.

A Catholic hierarch was instituted in Japan on June 15, the metropolitan see being established at Tokio with three suffragan sees at Nagasaki, Osaka and Hokadate.

Professor W. H. McGubbins of Maysville, Ark., shot and killed his wife and then turned the pistol to himself with fatal results. It was on account of jealousy.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only

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100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—"Country Circus."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"Sinbad."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Shenandoah"

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Roland Reed in "The Club Friend."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Boston Howard Star Specialty Co.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Our Irish Visitors."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

WHY NOT HONOR WOLFE TONE?

The Irish people, like the rest of mankind, have their shortcomings, but ingratitud to the memory of those have served their cause, and died for it, cannot be justly charged upon them. During the last quarter of a century, it has been customary to celebrate the anniversary of the Manchester heroes, and of Robert Emmet, in the leading cities of the United States. Such glorious memories deserve celebration, but the name of the greatest, boldest and noblest patriot that Ireland ever produced is never mentioned, except incidentally, at Irish or Irish-American gatherings. That man, now only a heap of dust beneath the green sod of Bodenstown churchyard in brave Kildare, was Theobald Wolfe Tone. He was the wizard whose magic wand first brought peace and union between the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland. He was the founder of the United Irishmen, and the promoter of Hoche's magnificent expedition, consisting of forty-seven ships of war and 15,000 men, for the relief of Ireland. When the elements, in December, 1796, scattered the friendly French armament to the winds of heaven, Tone, disappointed but undaunted, unable to persuade the Directory to immediately renew its attempt upon Ireland, succeeded, aided by the noble and generous Hoche, in organ a Dutch (Holland) fleet of thirty five men-of-war and 13,000 men for a new descent upon the Irish coast. Again the winds came to England's rescue, and, after waiting helplessly in the Texel for two months, in a moment of madness, and against Tone's advice, Admiral DeWinter, profiting by a favorable breeze, and having disembarked the soldiers of the expedition whose provisions were exhausted, sailed against the fleet of Admiral Duncan, fought the battle of Camperdown, which he lost, and thus reduced Holland to a condition of naval helplessness.

Even this terrible misfortune did not break the spirit of the matchless Irish patriot and hero. He lost his, and Ireland's, best friend, when death prematurely laid its hand upon Gen. Hoche, but he made a mighty effort to interest Bonaparte in the cause of Irish independence. The great Corsican, whose visions of conquest were as wide as those of Alexander, seemed at first to be favorably disposed toward the project of an invasion of Ireland, but, being grossly and notoriously ignorant of her resources and of the merits of her cause, he acted a faithless part toward Wolfe Tone and led the fleet and the army intended to effect Irish liberty to vain Egyptian conquest. The battle of the Pyramids sounded romantic in his bulletin of victory, but it did not inflict the mortal blow on England that the capture of Athlone and the occupation of Dublin would have done. This the fallen conqueror subsequently admitted, and he expressed his regret in unmistakable language, when suffering the tortures of a cruel imprisonment, at English hands, on the barren rock of St. Helena.

Bonaparte took with him to Egypt the only serviceable ships and the best army of France. It was the army that had, under his command, conquered Italy in the immortal campaign of 1796. In order to supply this force, the money chests of the French Republic were virtually emptied. Carnot, too, an unswerving friend of Ireland, suspected by Bonaparte as being too sincere a republican, was induced to resign the portfolio of war, and the ministers who succeeded him cared as little about Ireland as did Napoleon himself. Notwithstanding, by dint of ex postulation and representation, Tone, who had thoroughly mastered the French tongue, of which he virtually knew nothing when he left Ireland in 1795, managed again to interest the Directory, and, in 1798, three additional expeditions were organized at Brest, Havre and La Rochelle for the purpose of aiding the United Irishmen to throw off the English yoke. Tone, by this time, had risen to the rank of adjutant general and chief de brigade in the French service—a high tribute to his military ability. He was, in fact, a born soldier. None of the three expeditions mentioned was of imposing numbers. The largest was that at Brest, under Gen. Hardi, but it never sailed. Humbert got away from La Rochille with 1,100 officers and men. His gallant but unfortunate campaign of Killala, Castlebar and Ballinamuck is too well known to Irishmen to need further particularization here. A month later Tone, who had remained in France to hurry up Hardi, lost all patience at the long delay and sailed with Admiral Bompart's feeble expedition for the north coast of Ireland.

Bompart fell in with an English fleet, superior in number and armament, at the opening of Lough Swilly. He and all the French officers urged Tone to escape in one of the light frigates while yet there was time. The French, they urged, if taken would be treated as prisoners of war, while he would meet the fate of a rebel. He listened respectfully and then asked calmly, his face lit up with heroic resolution, "Shall it, then, be said that I fled for safety while the French were fighting the battles of my country?" During the terrible engagement which followed, in which the French admiral's flag ship, the Hoche, braved for three hours the combined fire of three large English men of war, Tone commanded one of the batteries, and was about the only man left alive in that portion of the Hoche, when Bompart, having done all that in him lay for the honor of his country's arms, finally struck his flag.

The predictions of the French officers were only too sadly fulfilled. Tone, while dining with the other prisoners at Lord Cavan's mansion, was recognized and denounced by a college classmate, named Sir George Hill. He was immediately seized and ironed. They took him through the country to Dublin with his legs chained under his horse's belly. He was tried by court martial, and, proudly acknowledging his glorious "treason" to the enemies of his country, was immediately condemned to death. He asked only one favor from the court martial—the privilege of being shot like a soldier out of respect for the French uniform which he wore. This was denied him, and that night he was found bleeding to death in his cell. An attempt had been made to sever the carotid artery, which was not immediately successful. Whether the wound was inflicted by his own hand in a moment of fierce indignation, which may have temporarily unbalanced his mind, or whether he was, like Lord Edward, Bond and later victims, artistically assassinated by his jailers, is a mystery that has never been cleared up. Remembering the Anglo-Irish government's talent for cowardly murder, THE CITIZEN inclines to the belief that the Castle, apprehensive of French interference in his behalf, and desirous of being rid of its most formidable enemy, connived at the patriot's death. In any case, Wolfe Tone, without a friend to receive his dying breath, far from the wife he tenderly loved and the infant children he adored, died in a cold and gloomy cell in the city of Dublin on the morning of November 19, 1798. He was born, of Protestant parents, in the same city on June 20, 1763, and was, consequently, little more than 35 years old when his remarkable career was so tragically terminated. If ever an Irishman deserved posthumous honor at the hands of his countrymen it is Theobald Wolfe Tone. THE CITIZEN hopes that, before many years, the day of his birth, in leafy June, or of his death, in bleak November, will be widely celebrated. Such a memory should be preserved to teach the Irish race what singleness of purpose and unflinching courage can accomplish. Had 1796-8 been a period of steam power, either Hoche or De Winter would have landed a French or Dutch army of liberation in Ireland, and she would today be a nation among the nations, not the slave of the English usurper and tyrant.

PRUSSIANS WHIP ENGLISHMEN.

The following interesting cablegram sufficiently explains itself:

"LONDON, Dec. 9.—A bloody affray between seamen occurred today at the Mill Walt docks. Three Prussian and four British sailors became involved in a quarrel, and from words they quickly came to blows. The fight was a most desperate one, and the bystanders, who thought it nothing more than a usual sailor's row, were horrified when they saw the men draw knives and commence to stab and slash each other. The onlookers were afraid to interfere with the desperate men, and the latter fought with the ferocity of savages. One of the Englishmen, named Sawin, was killed by a stab wound in the neck. Another Englishman, named Baker, also received a stab wound that will probably result fatally, and a third one, named Cooper, was very seriously cut by the knives of the Prussians. The police were notified of the fighting, but did not arrive in time to prevent a fatal ending of the affray. They did not, however, arrest the Prussians."

OUR NAVY AND OUR ENEMIES.

It is pleasant for all true American citizens to note that the government of the republic has cast off the absurd shackles of tradition in the matter of constructing a fleet of first class, fast going, well armed cruisers in times of peace, instead of waiting for war to brace up the national faculties to a sense of difficulty and danger. No nation, however naturally strong and resourceful, can afford to be caught with its nether garments out of ordinary position when assailed, on whatever pretext, by some bullying great or some insolent small "power." America, ever since the surrender at Appomattox, has been a nation in the true sense of that word. It is no longer a mere aggregation of virtually independent, sovereign states, loosely federalized, but a compact, splendid and powerful unit, respecting the local liberty of the respective component parts, but linked in mighty phalanx for national dignity and national defense. Citizens of this great country no longer, when abroad, describe themselves as "Virginians," or "Carolinians," or "New Yorkers," or "Illinoisians," but simply as Americans. Not one man in 100,000 in Europe can tell one of our state flags from another, but every man the world over knows what the Stripes and Stars represent. The republic has outgrown infancy. It has come down from the high chair of semi-provincial babyhood, and now takes its place, without the awkwardness of immaturity, at the banquet table of the nations. It is great among the greatest. It has interests with the most interested, and ambitions with the most ambitious. No statesman, however ingenious, can find any good reason why America should not have islands and coaling stations at her disposal, the same as England, France, Russia, Germany and Spain. We possess not a single coaling station in Europe. We have no foothold in European waters, but the nations of Europe—most of them anyway—have both coaling stations and a firm footing on our side of the Atlantic. England holds a pistol to our heads at Halifax, in the West Indies and on Vancouver's Island. Spain has us well covered from Cuba and other islands of the Antilles group. Every bit of the ground held by these powers belongs to us by the law of nature. Europe, or any part of Europe, has no right to the islands that rise from the bosom of waters virtually American. It is premature at this period to speculate on how we may eventually obtain possession of some, at least, of these natural buttresses of our continent, but ultimately, whether by treaty, purchase or conquest, they must come to belong to us. Future generations of Americans, who will number hundreds of millions, with resources and interests so mighty that those of the republic of today are as nothing in comparison, will not tolerate a European monopoly of the islands and harbors contiguous to their shores.

The old ideas that America must have no "entangling alliances" and must not colonize or otherwise extend her posts of vantage throughout the world, are exploded. We have as good a right to colonize as any other great and progressive people. We do not feel the necessity for colonizing in this age, because we have still plenty of vacant lands, but the day will come when we must extend our frontiers, and when we can tolerate no hostile, or possibly hostile, government on our front, rear or flanks.

In regard to our trouble with Chili, which would seem to be growing more serious, our government is determined to bring the little South American bantam and bully to reason. Chili needs to have the inferior portion of her anatomy warmed up by Uncle Sam. We must thrash her into good behavior, and, having done so, we must have strong guarantees that she will be of good conduct in the future. As indemnity for the trouble and expense she is about to put us to, we must SEIZE UPON AND HOLD THE NITRATE BEDS, whether temporarily for ransom, or permanently for the benefit of our national commerce. We have a better title to capture the nitrate deposits, under the provocation we have received, than we had to take California from our Mexican neighbors.

Secretary Tracy's report of the condition of the navy submitted to the president and congress is most gratifying. It shows that naval construction has progressed with vigor, and intimates that the good work will be as vigorously continued. Says the secretary:

"During the last year four new vessels have been placed in commission, making a total number of thirteen since March 4, 1889, as follows:

Name of Vessel.	Displacement, tons.	Date of Commission
Chicago	4 500	Apr. 17, 1889
Yorktown	1 700	Apr. 23, 1889
Petrel	870	Dec. 10, 1889
Charlestown	3 730	Dec. 26, 1889
Baltimore	4 400	Jan. 7, 1890
Cushing	99	Apr. 22, 1890
Vesuvius	970	June 7, 1890
Philadelphia	4 300	July 28, 1890
San Francisco	4 083	Nov. 15, 1890
Newark	4 083	Feb. 2, 1891
Concord	1 700	Feb. 14 1891
Bennington	1 700	June 20, 1891
Miantonomoh	3 815	Oct. 27, 1891

"The vessels remaining under construction, with the acts authorizing them, are as follows:

"Act of Aug. 3, 1886—Puritan, Amphitrite, Monadnock, Terror, Maine, Texas. Act of March 3, 1887—Monterey. Act of Sept. 7, 1888—New York, Cruiser No. 6, Cincinnati (No. 7), Raleigh (No. 8), No. 9, Detroit (No. 10), No. 11, and the Practice Vessel. Act of March 2, 1889—Harbor Defense Ram, Gunboat No. 5, Gunboat No 6. Act of June 30, 1890—Indiana, Massachusetts, Oregon, Protected Cruiser No. 12, Torpedo Cruiser, Torpedo Boat No. 3. Act of March 2, 1891—Protected Cruiser No. 13.

"All these vessels, with the exception of the torpedo cruiser already referred to, are making rapid and substantial progress."

There are several wooden vessels of the old navy still remaining, but all will be replaced by armored and fast going war cruisers within a few years. By the year 1893 we will be in good condition for the purposes of commerce wrecking, but we still lack, and badly lack, heavily armored vessels for defense near home. No doubt the want will be remedied, and, when it is, America, if also liberally supplied with shore batteries and improved guns of great calibre, will be in a condition to hold her own against any power, or combination of powers, that may put a grievance upon her flag.

"DONE TO DEATH."

Those Irishmen who have for some years past taken the flattering unction to their souls that Englishmen had made our cause their own, and that the cruelty exercised on Irish political prisoners in British dungeons was a thing of the past, must feel sorely nonplussed over the revelations at the inquest of the murdered P. W. Nally. They cannot now come to any other conclusion save this: that the savagery which characterized the treatment of men like O'Donovan Rossa and Martin Hanley Carey long before the introduction of Gladstone's Home Rule bill is equalled if not outrivalled by the savagery of the self same jailers today—now that Gladstone and other Englishmen profess themselves ready and willing to right the wrongs, and redress the grievances of Ireland.

The following extract, although coming somewhat late, from one of our Irish exchanges proves the fallacy of the hope that the British lion could ever become a lamb when he catches an Irishman in his lair: "On Monday, Nov. 16, the inquest on the body of the late P. W. Nally was resumed before the city coroner, Dr. J. E. Kenny, M. P., at the Mountjoy prison. Medical evidence was given to show that death resulted from an attack of typhoid fever. Mr. J. E. Redmond, B.L., who conducted the case in the interests of the relatives of deceased, read letters written by the latter, in which he complained strongly of the treatment he received. It would also appear from the evidence that the usage to which poor Nally was subjected was deliberately resorted to as punishment for his refusal to give evidence at the Forgeries Commission. It was stated by witnesses in the course of the investigation that for four months after returning from London he was kept in his cell for twenty-two hours out of the twenty four. One witness named McManus, who was chief warder in Downpatrick prison when Mr. Nally was imprisoned there, swore that the statements made by the latter in the letters read were false. This witness, curiously enough, was one of the jail officials whose conduct the deceased complained most of. The jury returned a verdict condemning the prison board, and couched in accordance with the medical testimony."

The death of brave Nally, being as it is the latest holocaust on the altar of Irish liberty, proves that there is as much of the brute as ever in John Bull. There is no redemption possible for such a beastly callous animal as he.

"THE FRENCH ARMIES."

Above is the title of a very remarkable article by Sir Charles W. Dilke in the *Fortnightly Review* for November. Sir Charles Dilke is known to be an Englishman of very strong English proclivities, and one of the last men in England to give praise to the French that they did not deserve. He was present at the autumn manœuvres of the French armies this year, and he plainly acknowledges that France is today, in spite of all her recent defeats, losses and humiliations, the first military power in the world. He says at the opening of his article: "Germany has this year lost that uncontested supremacy in Europe which she has enjoyed for twenty years. No events, no definite facts sufficiently account for this loss, not of power, but of prestige. From August, 1870, to the summer of 1891, most competent authorities accorded to Germany the first place for strength; and some remarks of my own in this *Review* in 1877 to the the effect that for all we could tell, France was as strong as Germany, called forth much criticism. For no particular reason, a doubtful opinion as to the military situation in Europe, has in the second half of 1891 become general; and there are few who are now willing to maintain that Germany is the military superior of France, or that the Triple Alliance is superior on land to France with her Russian ally."

These are very remarkable words coming from an Englishman; they were dragged from him by his having witnessed the autumn manœuvres of the French armies this year. He writes an article of extreme length about them, and fairly acknowledges that the order, discipline, *elan*, enthusiasm and cheerfulness of the French troops were simply wonderful during that ten days of mimic war under a broiling sun, and with the thermometer averaging for days over ninety in the shade.

The autumn manœuvres of the French armies this year were the most gigantic things of the kind ever before undertaken by any nation. There were considerably over 100,000 men in the field, and they fought and marched for ten days. Sir Charles Dilke says that any military manœuvres that ever took place in England, were mere child's play to what took place in France last fall. He goes farther, for he says, or at least he unmistakably implies, that no equal number of men in the British army could be found either able or willing to stand the enormous fatigue of such a ten days' campaign under such a burning sun as beat down upon the heads of the French soldiers. The manœuvres were actual battles without blood. There was no namby-pambyism about them. The soldiers carried full kits, and often two days rations. With all their ponderous acoutrements, they more than once covered thirty one miles a day. This is something wonderful considering the heat of the weather and the enormous weight the men carried. In spite of the heat and fatigue, the number of men that fell out of ranks was so small as to count almost for nothing. This last fact seems the one that impressed Sir Charles Dilke most, and that has made him imply clearly as if he did not like to say it openly, that for endurance, the present army of France is ahead of any army in the world.

This observant Englishman seems to have been much struck by the astonishing earnestness both of officers and men in their mimic war. The officers sought out no castles to lodge in when night came, but threw themselves sometimes outside on the bare ground, and sometimes on the hard mud floor of a poor man's cabin. No dainties in the way of food or drink were sought for by officers or men; they ate and drank whatever they could get, and were content.

It is plain from every sign that France is determined either to regain her lost provinces or perish off the face of the earth as a nation. No one can blame her. If Bismarck had the good sense not to have dismembered France, both nations would now probably be friends. The annexed provinces have already cost Germany more than they are worth, and may cost her infinitely more in the near future.

R.

DEATH OF A PATRIOT.

The following telegram appeared in the daily papers of Thursday:

"DUBLIN, Dec. 9.—The death of George Brown, the Fenian who was convicted in 1867 of taking part in the conspiracy, was announced today. Brown was a native of county Armagh, but resided most of his life in Dublin, where he was one of the earliest adherents of the Fenian movement. He was arrested in 1866, six months before the 'rising,' and a month before that event was tried in Green street court house with nine others and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. He was released in 1871 on condition of leaving the country and went, with O'Donovan Rossa and others, to the United States. On the expiration of his term he returned to Ireland. He was over 70 years of age."

THE HISTORIAN OF THE UNITED IRISHMEN.

Dr. More Madden, of Dublin, has, with true filial regard, compiled and published the memoirs of his late lamented father, who, by his "Lives of the United Irishmen," has made such valuable contributions to the historical literature of Ireland. Dr. R. R. Madden, though not a Nationalist in the proper sense of that word, was, nevertheless, a lover of his country; and although the methods and programme of the men of '98 did not meet with his support, he vindicated their memories from calumny, and gave them all due credit for honesty, patriotism and self sacrifice. Dr. Madden became an intimate friend of most of the leading survivors of '98. He met them and associated with them in exile on both continents. In New York he fraternized with Thomas Addis Emmet and Archibald Hamilton Rowan. In Paris he enjoyed many a symposium with Gen. Arthur O'Connor, Miles Byrne and other Irish officers in the French army, and thanks to the intimacy of his friendship with these illustrious patriots he was enabled to secure the most authentic biographical material which, were it not for him, might have perished forever. Irish students therefore owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. R R. Madden's memory, for it is no exaggeration to state that his "Lives of the United Irishmen" are the best biographical records extant of those brave and uncompromising republicans.

Dr. Madden is also widely known as the historian of the famous Lady Blessington, and the chronicler of her literary successes. He traces her chequered career very vividly, when in her girlhood she became the unfortunate wife of one Capt. Thurmer, an obscure British officer; when a few years afterwards released from an odious bondage, the pretty widow gave her heart and hand to the keeping of Lord Blessington, who proved his devotion to her by encouraging his young wife in her literary labors, and smoothing her pathway to success. The life of Lady Blessington, full as it was of romance, is one of Dr. Madden's masterpieces.

Dr. Madden did not, however, confine himself altogether to Irish subjects. He was a writer on universal themes. A traveled man in the literal as well as in the broadest sense of that term, he wrote of many lands, and described the characteristics of many peoples. He was a most prolific and versatile *litterateur*, being at once a biographer, an historian, a polemist, a romancist and a verse writer. On the whole his literary wares are as numerous as those of a Cornelius or a Lapide; for his name appears on the title pages of no less than forty-seven bulky volumes.

His son, Dr. More Madden, deserves our cordial congratulations for having compiled and published the memoirs of his respected father. Ireland will forget the shortcomings of the late doctor as a politician in the enthusiasm and activity which he devoted to the biographies of the best and the bravest of her sons.

M. L. MEMOURS GODER, to whom the French Academy has just awarded the Monthyon prize for the life of O'Connell, is one of the best friends Ireland has on the Paris press. He was present at the O'Connell centenary celebration in Dublin in 1875, and ever since he has upheld the cause of Home Rule on the newspaper to which he is attached. He is on the staff of the *Univers*, and writes mainly on Irish and English topics. He is also the author of a small work called "Les Inconsequences de John Bull."—*Ex.*

THE London *Star* of Monday week says: 'Miss Kate Tynan, the ardent Irish poetess, is engaged to be married to a gentleman in the teaching profession. Miss Tynan is the daughter of a well to do Irish farmer living a few miles from Dublin."—*Ex*

THE president's message to congress is lengthy and comprehensive. It places the business of the nation before the people very clearly, and leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader as to Gen. Harrison's determination to uphold the dignity of the flag against all comers. Well, THE CITIZEN is glad that our foreign policy is no longer a thing for laughter. We can now "point with pride" to a rapidly growing navy, which, we may be allowed to say in modest fashion, the editor did something to promote in spite of the intense parsimony of "Objector" Holman, and other antiquated law makers, in the 48th congress.

THE announcement comes from St. Louis to Dubuque, Ia., that at a council of prelates held in that city last week, recommendations that the Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D. D., bishop of Dubuque, be raised to the archiepiscopal dignity, and that sees be established at Sioux City and Des Moines, Iowa, (Bishop Cosgrove is located at Davenport) were given to Mgr. O'Bryan, the pope's representative at Archbishop Kenrick's golden jubilee. The adoption of the prelates' recommendations, which have been anticipated for several years, is regarded in Dubuque as a foregone conclusion.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"A SUBSCRIBER," City—The poem needs some correction. We will try and polish it up for a future issue.

"STUDENT," Ann Arbor, Mich.—Latin is an excellent thing to learn, but some people overdo it. Some of the biggest asses and dunces we have ever run across were what is called "fine Latin scholars." That, however, was not the fault of the Latin.

"MICHAEL WHALEN," City—Mr. John M. Carroll, recently elected county commissioner, is 45 years old, and was born near Clonmel, Ireland.

"P. WHITE," City—"Sullivan Goulah," of infamous memory, was the wretch who betrayed O'Donovan Rossa, O'Sullivan Agreem, and other Phœnix men, in the movement of 1858. "Goulah" is the name of the townland in which he was born.

"JAMES FRENCH," City—"Influence," as it is called, can do but little for you, or any other recently arrived emigrant, in this great and busy city. You will have to make the battle like nearly all of those who came before you, and win or lose on your qualifications. You write an excellent hand. Try the big commercial houses, and ask employment from the heads of the firms, if you can get at them.

"MARY ALICE," Detroit—(1) You have poetical instinct, but your construction, particularly in the matter of rhythm, is very faulty. A limping muse is not an inspiring object. Study the ordinary rules of composition and try again. (2) Your handwriting indicates nothing in particular.

"Watchwords From John Boyle O'Reilly."

"Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly" is the name of a little volume of selections from his poetry and prose, arranged by Katherine E. Conway, who introduces them with an estimate of O'Reilly as poet and literary worker. The book is in press with the well known publisher, Cupples, and will be gotten out with the artistic beauty of typograph, illustration and binding for which this house is famous. The tinted portrait of the poet is admirable, and so are the page pictures and head and tail pieces within. The book will be ready in a week, and will be in great demand as a Christmas book. Orders for it are coming in numerously to the *Pilot* office, where it will be on sale. Retail price $1. The compiler's proceeds go to the O'Reilly Memorial Fund.

Libby Prison Concerts.

Next Monday evening the management of the Libby Prison War Museum will inaugurate a series of promenade concerts, to be given by the celebrated Royal Hungarian Orchestra. The concerts will be given every evening, except on Sundays. The music will add greatly to the attractions of a museum which contains the largest and most interesting collection of war relics in the world.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B—. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

SHAUN THE PROUD'S REPLY.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

[Adapted from Keating's History.]

And so your royal mistress, sirs, would have O'Neill be known
As Baron of Dungannon, and as Earl of Tyrone;
She'd give me Saxon parchment deeds, a Saxon title too,
And make me one of England's knights, the trusty and the true:
The bounties of your queen may be as sweet as fairy balm—
These Leicester knows, who has a right to kiss her queenly palm,
But tell your royal mistress, sirs, and publish it aloud,
She'll never make an English knight of Ireland's Shaun the Proud!

She is the queen of Albion, if couriers don't lie,
But I am King of Ulster, sirs—sole king and monarch I!
And crags will crush the ocean waves, the sea engulf the land,
'Ere caitiff like I'll stoop to take a title from her hand;
For if I knelt, as bondsmen kneel, to aliens o'er the sea,
My dead Milesian sires would rise to wrest their crown from me—
They'd rise from their indignant graves, each in his winding shroud,
To brand with shame the name and fame of Ulster's Shaun the Proud.

Dungannon's prince hath in his veins an ichor rich and gay
Far older than her Tudor blood, which dates from yesterday!
So take away your tawdry gifts, your parchments and your crest—
Tyrone rewards with nobler boons her bravest and her best!
Go, tell your queen I'd rather be the basest Irish churl
Than crawl through life in livery, an abject English earl!
A thousand chiefs may join the ranks of England's servile crowd,
But heaven or earth shall never make a slave of Shaun the Proud!

IRISH NEWS.

RELEASE OF A COERCION PRISONER.

On Thursday evening week Mr. M. Beirne, Kilberry, Athy, was released from Kilkenny jail, where he had spent a month, having been convicted before a removables' court of having assaulted and obstructed bailiffs in the discharge of their duties. Mr. Beirne was met at the railway station upon the arrival of the 5 o'clock train by a number of friends, who gave him a warm and hearty welcome.

INQUEST AT BALLYLINAN.

On Nov. 21 Dr. Higgins, coroner, held an inquest at Ballylinan respecting the death of an old man named John Curren, a laborer, who was drowned in a small stream of water between Ballylinan and Athy, at Drimroe. It appears that the deceased, who was subject to fits, was working cutting a hedge the day he was drowned, and it is probable he fell into the stream in a fit. What was rather extraordinary was that he was dead two days before being discovered. A verdict of found drowned was returned.

BELFAST CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

The quarterly meeting of the Belfast Chamber of Commerce was held on Nov. 18, Mr. John Greenhill, vice president in the chair. A letter was received from Sir Henry T. Wood, secretary of the society of arts, London, asking that the chamber should consent to act as a local committee in connection with the encouragement of local manufacturers to send exhibits to the World's Fair at Chicago. The members expressed themselves willing to cooperate with any body formed in Belfast for such a purpose. The chamber discussed the question, which is at present before the corporation, of the desirability of placing Belfast under the provisions of the Technical Instruction Act, so that a tax might be imposed upon the ratepayers in order to establish and maintain an efficient school for technical training. The opinion was almost unanimously expressed on the part of the chamber in favor of the proposal.

FATAL STABBING CASE.

On Nov. 21 a man named Mack, a sledger in the employment of Mr. Charles Sheridan, blacksmith, was fatally stabbed in the abdomen by, it is alleged, a blacksmith named Cassidy with a red hot iron having a sharp point. It seems Mack missed his stroke, and in a moment of passion Cassidy, it is said, committed the deed. After lingering in the county infirmary Mack succumbed. The police have not yet succeeded in arresting Cassidy.

IMPROVED HORSE-BREEDING AT KELLYVILLE.

The Dublin *Live Stock Journal* says: It will interest our readers to know that Mr. T. Webber, of Kellyville, Athy, Queen's county, is forming a small select stud of Shire horses, with the hope of improving the breed of farm horses around him. He has purchased from Mr. Cross, of Calthorpe Towers, Rugby, under the advice of Mr. Part, a young stallion by Moulton Briton, and a mare, "Vesta," by Majestic. He proposes to show the stallion, "Calthorpe Celt," next spring at Dublin, when he will doubtless do credit to the celebrated Calthorpe Stud.

CLONGOWES WOOD COLLEGE.

The old motto *mens san in corpore sano* finds abundant illustration in the latest achievements of the boys at Clongowes Wood. Whether in the schools or in the field, they hold the championship among the colleges in Ireland. In the summer they are to the fore in cricket—it matters not what eleven they meet, whether it be the Phœnix or the Leinster or a picked team from the military on the Curragh, the lads always manage to win. Brilliant as their record has been up to the present, they have done nothing better than they did the other day, when they achieved a victory at football over the Lansdowne club. To have made a good fight with the present holders of the challenge cup would have been a feat to be proud of, but to drub them as they did by 9 points to 2 beats the record. It is pleasant to be able to chronicle such successes, but far pleasanter to find, when the lists are published every September, Clongowes heading all the other schools at the examinations.—*Ex.*

DEATH OF MR. J. TYNAN.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. John Tynan, of Ballinree House, Abbeyleix, Queen's county. The sad event took place on the 8th ult., and the deceased gentleman was interred in the family vault at historic Aughaboe on the 10th ult. A requiem mass was celebrated at at Closh church by the Rev. Father Lacy, at which there was a crowded congregation. Among those present at the obsequies were Messrs. Thomas Tynan, Daniel Tynan, Michael Tynan, Jerome Tynan, Michael Carroll, Conaghy; Mr. McMahon, Colt; Mr. Dunne, Aughaboe. Mr. Tynan, who was in his 57th year, was well known for his generosity to the poor and his fidelity to the church. The deceased gentleman was the uncle of the Rev. Joseph Tynan, D. D., of St. Michael's church, George Leigh street, Manchester.—*Irish Weekly.*

THE LAND COMMISSION.

On Nov. 19 Mr. R. R. Kane, B. L., chairman of the sub commission, delivered judgments in several cases heard at Nass before Messrs. R. R. Kane, chairman, J. Haughton, and A. N. Comyn. In one case on the Earl of Mayo's estate the old rent was reduced from £20 to £13. A similar reduction was made in the old rent of one of Mr. William Blacker's tenants. On the estate of Sir A. Paylmer very large reductions were made. Here are a few of the most remarkable: Old rent, £100; judicial rent, £80. Old rent, £70; judicial, £53 10s. Old rent, £66; judicial, £37 10s. Large reductions were also given on other estates. In some instances the old rent was slightly increased, while in others it was left unaltered.

A DEFAULTING AGENT LEAVES DUBLIN.

The Dublin detective police are trying to execute a warrant issued for the arrest of Mr. Warick, who had acted as inspector of agents for Messrs. Esson & Son, Middle Abbey street. Mr. Warick's accounts were found to be wrong, and it is supposed that he has made away with nearly £1,000 of his employers' money. The utmost confidence had been reposed in him by Messrs. Esson, and until last week there was not the slightest suspicion of his integrity. It is believed that the defaulter left Dublin on Thursday last, and of his whereabouts there is no trace, but active inquiries are being made to secure his apprehension.—*Freeman, Nov* 22.

MR. JOHN BARRY, M. P.

Mr. John Barry, M. P., has addressed a letter to Mr. Edward Walsh, Mayor of Wexford, in reply to an invitation from the county Wexford parliamentary committee, to allow them to again put him forward as the Nationalist candidate for South Wexford at the coming general election. Mr. Barry stated that after having given the matter the fullest consideration, he found himself unable to accept the nomination as his business engagements would prevent him from discharging his parliamentary duties satisfactorily. In making way for some faithful man who would always be found at the post of duty, he felt he was serving Ireland's best interests.

FUNERAL OF MR. O'CONNELL FFRENCH, B. L.

On the morning of Nov. 19 the remains of Mr. Daniel O'Connell Ffrench, B. L., First Assistant Registrar of Deeds, were removed from his residence, Grosvenor square, Rathmines, for interment in Glasnevin cemetery. The funeral was large and representative, and was attended by the members of the staff of the public department with which Mr. Ffrench had been connected for over forty years. The deceased gentleman was an able and courteous official, and was deservedly popular with everyone who had any business to transact with the registry office. In addition to the mourning wreaths placed on the coffin (sent by Sir Patrick Maxwell, Mr. Fanning, Mr. Neflett, and others), was a large and beautiful one from the gentlemen of the registry of deeds, who in common with his many friends, private and professional, sincerely regretted his unexpected demise. The chief mourners were Mr. Christopher O'Connell Ffrench, son, and Mr. Christopher J. O. C. Fitzsimon, J. P., Mr. Fitzsimon, Capt. Redmond, late R. M., and Mr. Jeremiah Leyne, cousins of the deceased. The following were present or sent their carriages: Sir Patrick Maxwell, Messrs. T. F. O'Connell, J. R. O'Connell, LL.B., J. M. Maxwell, Joseph T. Maxwell, H. J. Maxwell, Charles O'Connell, B. L., Rev. Thomas Carberry, C.C., Rev. Father Mulcahy, P.P., Baldoyle; Rev. Edward Kelly, S.J., J. J. Murphy, M.D., T. J. McCarthy, B.L., Richard Carey, W. P. Carey, F. Conway Dwyer, M.D., Dr. O'Brien, Michael F. Dwyer, B.L., late Registrar of Deeds, Francis A. Fanning, Assistant Registrar of Deeds, Arthur M. Day, D. O'Mears, R. B. Monsarrat, G. A. Young, J. F. Swaine, B. Connor, A. Nicholson, D. Rogers, M. Lyons, T. Taylor, G. Macartney, J. B. Sheeran, S. Joyce Douglas, Cashel; W. H. Drennan, H. Wyndham Ball, J. Maguire, B.L., G. A. Kelly, G. Boyd, J. F. Kelly, C. B. Taylor, W. Ormsby, B. J. Brady, J. Costello, W. Dartnell, M. Leonard, J. Roseyne, J. Lynch, J. Gaynor, W. J. Fitzpatrick.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

On Nov. 20 a serious accident occurred to the 1:40 mail train from Newcastle for Belfast. On arriving in Belfast the engine was detached from the train and proceeded to the turn-table. After being turned, instead of getting on to another line of rail to get to the front of the train, the engine proceeded at a high rate of speed from the turn-table on the same line on which it approached it, dashing with great force into the train, the carriages of which were secured by brakes, driving it more than a carriage length from where it was, smashing the windows, knocking out the carriage lamps, and shaking and seriously injuring several of the passengers. The report of the shock was heard for a considerable distance. The buffers of the carriage against which the engine struck were shoved in so far that the beams were smashed to which they were attached. Several narrow escapes took place. James Seeds, a railway porter, who was in the act of putting luggage into a van, was knocked down and hurt. Mr. John Ringland, pork merchant, Belfast, who had his head out of the window of a carriage when the accident occurred, was badly cut about the face. Mr. John Dorrian, Downpatrick, had several teeth knocked out against the seat of a third class carriage. Several workmen belonging to the railway were also injured, besides a number of other passengers.

CORK UNION.

At a meeting of the Cork Board of Guardians on Nov. 21 it was announced the balance against the guardians was £3 985 0s 10½, while checks were signed amounting to £3,799 1s 5½, which leaves the balance against the board nearly £8,000. A deputation was appointed to wait on Mr. McMahon, manager National bank, to ask him to pay the checks signed that day.

Literary Notes.

The *New England Magazine* for December opens with an interesting study of Canadian journalism by Walter Blackburn Harte. It is an article that will attract journalists and laymen in every corner of America, and it will appeal to the former more especially from the fact that the writer is a newspaper man and knows the difficulties of the craft from the inside. Mr. Harte's remarks, "In a Corner at Dodsley's," on the tendencies of contemporary literature to dispense altogether with literary men, will also interest and amuse journalists and literateurs. Herbert D. Ward contributes a very clever, artistic story, full of humor and quiet pathos, called "Only an Incident." It is finely illustrated by Jo. H. Hatfied, a young artist of great promise. "Pen Pictures of the Bosphorus" is a cleverly written study of impressionism in words by Alfred D. F. Hamlin. It is beautifully illustrated with photographs and pen-and-ink sketches made upon the spot. An interesting series of articles under the caption of "Stories of Salem Witchcraft" is begun in this number. It is by Winfield S. Nevins, a writer who is saturated with the history and traditions of old Salem. It is well illustrated by Charles A. Eastman and others. The illustrations are becoming thickly strewn through the *New England Magazine's* articles, and are becoming a feature of the magazine. One of Lillie B. Chace Wyman's appealing Anti-Slavery articles called "Black and White," with reminiscences of Lucy Stone, has a place in this number. Charles Lewis Slattery writes in a gossipy strain of old Bowdoin College, and its famous students and professors. T. H. Farnham pays a fine poetic tribute to Parnell. Francis Dana contributes a bright little story somewhat in the manner of Stockton, called "The Trapping of the Widow Rose" and there are good poems by Julie M. Lippmann, Ernest Rhys, Henry Cleveland Wood, and Marion P. Guild.

WARLIKE CATHOLIC PUPILS.

A Regiment Organized in the Cathedral Parish.

A regiment 500 strong has been recruited and a full complement of officers has been elected by the pupils of the school of the Holy Name cathedral, says the Chicago *Herald*. The organization is to be known as the Holy Name School regiment. The uniforms are of gray cloth trimmed with black; those of the officers are enriched with gold braid. Connected with the regiment is a drum corps of twelve, which will serve for temporary needs, and as soon as satisfactory progress has been made steps will be taken to organize a military band. The object aimed at in this innovation at the Holy Name school is to follow in the footsteps of the Boston public schools. Experience has shown that military discipline is very efficacious in engendering and promoting order, method, promptness, confidence, obedience and self respect in the schoolboy, and the authorities of the Holy Name school wish to avail themselves of every opportunity to secure these results. Henceforth three quarters of an hour will be devoted twice a week to military exercises, and the new regulation army tactics, just issued, will be used. Following is a complete roster of the regiment. Board of directors: The Revs. M. J. Fitzsimmons, P. A. McLoughlin, J. A. Dandurand, J. P. Dore, S. J. Saindon. Field and staff: Colonel, Francis Boyle; lieutenant colonel, William Hurely; major, Thomas O'Beirne; captain and adjutant, Francis Curran; first lieutenant and quartertermaster, James Maloney; major and surgeon, C. D. Bradley, M. D.; captain and chaplain, the Rev. P. A. McLoughlin. Non commissioned staff: Sergeant major, Edward Maloney; quartermaster-sergeant, John O'Malley. Line officers: Company A, captain, A. M. Carroll; first lieutenant, James Burns; second lieutenant, Reg. Meehan. Company B, captain, Patrick H. Lovelle; first lieutenant, Michael Buckley; second lieutenant, Francis Hanson. Company C, captain, Matthew Morrison; first lieutenant, Patrick Loftus; second lieutenant, John Belchin. Company D, captain, William O'Brien; first lieutenant, William Flaherty; second lieutenant, Patrick Conway. Company E, captain, Daniel Joyce; first lieutenant, Walter O'Leary; second lieutenant, Joseph Casey. Company F, captain, Andrew Moore; first lieutenant, John Bayre; second lieutenant, James Doherty.

New England Magazine.

The *New England Magazine*, an illustrated monthly, the Literary Magazine of Boston, is unique, containing American Legends, Traditions, History, Story and Poetry, Philosophy and Music, Science and Art. A few articles for 1892: "Stories of Salem Witchcraft," illustrated; "Phillips Brooks," illustrated; "James Parton," illustrated; "Howell's Boston," illustrated; "The Future of Electricity," illustrated; Stories a prominent feature. You want this carefully edited and finely illustrated literary magazine of Boston, whether you have any other not. Every number finely illustrated. It treats of American subjects, past and present. Social questions are discussed in its columns. Price $3.00 a year. Send 10c for a sample copy. For sale on all newsstands. Address NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, 36 Federal street, Boston, Mass.

H. F. DELNO & Co.,
Columbus, Ohio. July 3, 1891.

GENTLEMEN:—My plating machine received, everything in perfect order and works perfectly. I unpacked it and commenced at once and plated seven breastpins and a ring in a short time. I am delighted with the work. People are bringing all the forks, spoons, watches, jewelry, etc., that I can plate. Enclosed find $5 for one plater for my cousin. More orders soon. A. KRIVER.

Write above firm for circulars.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

KILDARE OF SAINT BRIDE.

(By an old "Young Irelander.")

Year after year, at Christmastide,
My spirit flies away
To greet the ruined shrine of Bride,
And kindred at Kilea;
And homely though my muse may be,
She sings a rough spun air,
From notes engraved on memory
Since schooldays in Kildare.

In 'thirty one a few old vets,—
Still called "Lord Edward's Guard,—
Survived, to steel their grandson-pets
'Gainst perjured Britain's word;
They *whispered* tales of 'ninety-eight
(For spies were ev'rywhere),
That make this old heart palpitate,
Tonight, for brave Kildare.

Some showed deep scars on head and breast,
Received from sabre blows;
And others told how, closely pressed,
They piked the bloody Yeos!
God rest their souls!—no more they'll meet
At market, wake, or fair,
To tell us "*Discord means defeat*
For Ireland, and Kildare!"

More gallant men were nowhere seen,
Along our miles of front,
Than "boys" who wore the sprig of green
In blazing battle's brunt;
On crimson fields of deadly strife
Our fealty-swords were there,
To save the Union's threatened life—
And yet I love Kildare!

But where are those—a countless host
Of Erin's soldier sons—
Who "double-quicked" to duty's post
At sound of Sumter's guns?
They fell, defending Freedom's land
By deeds of valor, rare;
As 'Ninety-eight's devoted band
Immortalized Kildare!

These blackthorn sticks, and hazels brown,
A loving boy* brought home,
Were cut on Red Hill's verdant crown,
Where few, but fairies, roam;
And chips from hearth-stone of Saint Bride,
Concealed, with sacred care,
From Danes, and Round Heads' vandal-tide
That swept o'er doomed Kildare.

Though five and fifty years away
From Brigid's ruined fane,
Blindfolded I could find my way
Through ev'ry street and lane:
Where childhood's Eden blossoms grew,
In Hall, or sheeling bare,
The exile's heart of hearts is true—
Like mine to old Kildare.

RICHARD OULAHAN.

Washington, D. C., Christmas, 1891.

*Mr. Oulahan's son, who recently accompanied President Harrison on his trip, subsequently visited Ireland.

OBITUARY.

MRS MARY J CARROLL

Mrs. Mary J. Carroll, nee Vaughan, wife of Mr. M. C. Carroll, a well known and greatly esteemed railroad man of this city, died rather suddenly at the family residence, No. 257 Burling street, at 9 o'clock Tuesday morning. Mrs. Carroll had been suffering from kidney trouble for years, and, therefore, her death was not entirely unexpected, although not even her immediate family dreamt of so early a termination of her sufferings. Mrs. Carroll was a most amiable lady—an exemplary wife and mother, and all who knew Mr. Carroll, who has been a most devoted husband, deeply sympathize with him and his children in their sore and irreparable bereavement. The funeral occurred on Thursday morning from the house to St. Vincent's church, and thence by carriages to Cavalry cemetery. Mrs. Carroll was a daughter of Mrs. Mary and the late Martin Vaughan—some of the oldest and best known settlers in the North Division.

MR. DANIEL M'CARTHY.

Mr. Daniel McCarthy, step father of the wife of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Col. Ricard O'Sullivan Burke, died at the Colonel's house in Englewood, after a severe illness, last Monday. The remains were escorted on Wednesday by a large number of friends from this city to Fort Wayne, Ind., where they were interred.

MR. JOHN W. CONWAY.

America lost a good citizen, and Ireland a faithful son, in the unexpected death of Mr. John W. Conway, which occurred at his home, No. 2958 Archer avenue, last Monday. Mr. Conway was born in Ireland over fifty years ago, but, like millions of his countrymen, determined at an early age to cast his fortunes with the great republic. He was a man of considerable ability, and, at one time, cut quite a figure in the politics of his section of the city. Always an ardent Irish Nationalist, he took a vivid interest in everything that concerned the cause of his native country. The funeral occurred on Thursday from his late residence to St. Bridget's church, where high mass of requiem was celebrated. The attendance was very large, as Mr. Conway was an old and honored resident of the parish. The remains were escorted by carriages to Calvary cemetery, where they were finally laid to rest. Mr. Conway was well known in San Francisco, Cal., where he resided for some years, and also in Mechanicsburg, O.

MR. ANDREW CALLAHAN.

Mr. Andrew Callahan died on Sunday morning at his residence, No. 4223 Langley avenue, at the age of 60 years. The deceased gentleman was a native of the county Fermanagh, Ireland, and came to this country when 22 years of age, landing at Boston. He secured employment with a notion house in that city and remained in that service for twelve years, when he embarked in the notion business for himself. In 1868 he sold out and came to Chicago as the western agent for the American Suspender Company of Boston. A few years later Mr. Callahan, in partnership with his brother, Mr. Bernard Callahan, organized the law publishing firm of Callahan & Co., No. 114 Monroe street. His health failing, he withdrew from the firm in 1880, since which time he had been an invalid. The wife of the deceased died many years ago. The remaining members of the immediate family are Charles H. Callaghan, Mrs. P. J. Monaghan and Miss Alice Callahan, all of this city. The funeral took place on Wednesday morning from the residence to the Holy Angels' church, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. A requiem mass was sung at the church and the Rev. Father Tighe officiated. The pallbearers were Judge Thomas A. Moran, Dr. John Guerin, T. H. Flood, John Sullivan, Peter Smith, M. W. Murphy, Denis Cavanaugh, and John Naghton. Many prominent Irish citizens, friends of Mr. Callahan in his life time, attended the funeral, among them John and Michael Cudahy, B. Callahan, Dr. McDonald, T. W. Reddy, Father Riordan, John Traynor, and others. There were also many priests from adjoining parishes.

MRS. HELENA STEPHENS.

Mrs. Helena Stephens, the venerable and beloved mother of Recorder John Stephens, died at her residence, No. 424 West Harrison street, at 10 o'clock last Wednesday night. She was in her 74th year, and had resided in this city during most of her exemplary life.

JOSIE W LYON.

It is with regret that the death is announced of Josie A. Lyon, the promising young son of George W. and Katie Lyon, at No. 684 South Canal street, on Dec. 4. Our sympathy goes out to the parents in the loss of a son so gentle, kind and innocent, after an illness of only a few days, at the age of 9 years—his birthday being Nov. 10. "God takes the good, too good on earth to stay," and young Josie Lyon will celebrate his next birthday in heaven. The large funeral cortege which accompanied the body to Calvary last Sunday was a tribute not alone to the youth and innocence of the son, but also was a token of the estimation in which Mr. and Mrs Lyon are held by their many friends and acquaintances.

NEWS NOTES.

Arizona voted in favor of the new constitution.

More cases of smallpox were discovered in Newark, N. J.

The prevalence of yellow fever in Santos delayed 120 vessels at that port.

Bandits stopped a train near Rome, Ga., and robbed the express car of about $1,000.

Ephraim Grinspan, a New York jeweler, paid $3,100 for brass filings offered as gold dust.

Thirteen bales of stolen cotton were found on a float by the New York river police.

Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island considered the advisability of union.

J. J. Green, of Johnstown, Conn., intends to exhibit at the World's Fair a musket 200 years old.

Homer, N. Y., has a vigilance committee in addition to a doubled police, on account of incendiarism.

Heavy rains or snow, with here and there a howling blizzard, are reported from the Northwest.

A firm in Bristol, England, was heavily fined for selling American lard with the trademark "Belfast."

Brazil dismissed the papal nuncio with a warning to the Vatican that ecclesiastical politics would not be allowed

At Plainfield, N. J., a bottle of liquid stove polish exploded and severely burned Mrs. Marsh, wife of Marsh, the artist.

"Mavourneen," at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, in which W. J. Scanlan, the popular Irish comedian, has made the hit of his life, is still drawing crowded houses.

New Year—is coming; '92 is nearly a reality. Plans are in order: partnerships, branches, salesmen, advertising, are all being considered in committee of the whole. Don't overlook advertising because it has been less worked. When the subject comes up we ask for a hearing. Remember, "Judicious advertising pays."

Deafness Can't be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

FROM NEW YORK.

An International Tug of War—An Important Patent—Weather Charts in School.

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Great preparations are being made for the international tug of war, which will take place in Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre during the week commencing December 21. Peter Doelger, Jr., son of the millionaire brewer, will act as captain of the German team, and is now preparing his men for the contest. A splendid French team will be selected, while the Irish, Scotch and Norwegians will not be far behind. The latter team has been selected from longshoremen and others who are thoroughly drilled in heavy work. Capt. Daly, of the 69th regiment, will lead the Irish team, while the American team will be captained by L. G. Brigg. The platform upon which the contests will take place will be erected in the center of the amphitheatre. It will be 130 feet long and six feet high, so as to allow every one in the garden an unobstructed view of the teams while pulling. Patent indicators will be placed in various parts of the garden so that all may see at a glance exactly how many inches or feet of rope one side or the other has gained or lost at any time. The rope will be 136 feet in length and four inches in circumference.

A legal contest of great interest to inventors and others is soon to take place concerning the patent on a machine for making metal tubes for holding electric wires. The manufacture of these tubes is a business which has come rapidly to the front during the past few months, and a number of big companies are already at work in this city turning them out in great quantity. Some tubes are made of rubber, asphalt, or paper, but they are useless unless protected by metal. A machine for doing this is now in use, the rights to which are contested by two inventors, one of them, Prentice, claims to have made the invention fifteen years ago. He has been granted a patent, but an interference has been declared in favor of E. T. Greenfield, who goes back only to 1889, at which time Inventor Prentice was working for him at a salary. It is intimated that Greenfield stole Prentice's ideas and is now fighting him in the interests of a big company. Of course, Prentice is far from wealthy, so it seems to be the old story of attempting to down the real inventor of a good thing by the power of money. An immense amount is at stake, and should Prentice be sustained it would mean a license for the H. W. Johns Conduit Co., the Eckhart Conduit Co., the N. Y. Insulated Wire Co., and several others, to the exclusion of the Interior Conduit & Insulation Co., which is now the only manufacturer.

Weather maps are the latest introduction into our public schools, and they promise to produce a beneficial effect on the desire of the pupils for knowledge. The children vie with each other in predicting weather, and the study of physical geography and topography are said to be greatly facilitated. The charts are furnished by the weather bureau, and as yet the departure is only an experiment, though it is said that some of the boys in the grammar schools are becoming quite expert weather prophets. If their expertness is as good as the guesswork of our official clerks, once in a while they may hit the mark. EDWIN ARLINGTON.

Beware of imitations, dilutions, and substitutes of Dr. Pierce's *genuine* medicines, offered at what pretend to be "cut prices." For the genuine, there's one price, and *only* one price—but, they're *guaranteed*. They're the *cheapest* medicines you can buy at *any* price, for if they fail to benefit or cure, you have your money back. *You pay only for the good you get.*

To prevent fraud and imposition by unprincipled dealers, these genuine guaranteed remedies are now sold only through druggists authorized as agents, and *always* at these long-established prices:

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery (for the Liver, Blood and Lungs), $1.00. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription (for woman's weaknesses and ailments), $1.00. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets (for the liver, stomach and bowels), 25 cents.

Refuse all medicines purporting to be Dr. Pierce's offered at any other prices. Suspicion naturally and rightfully attaches to them.

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Best Sample Tea.....20c
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WHY THEY TWINKLE.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing
That some turn white as sea bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers—
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers—

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.
—O. W. Holmes.

A MARRIAGE FAILURE.

Gontran shook his head and raised his arms with the gesture of one that has escaped a great danger.

"It is I, yes; look at me well, for you have not seen me lately. I have been ministered, padlocked, confiscated, suppressed, as good as married. An accident that is past, yes, but which makes me cold to think of it. Not that my fiancee was ugly, silly or disagreeable—no, she was charming. Eighteen years of age, blond as a corn tassel, great shining eyes that sparkled drolly and looked you full in the face with a gaze a little questioning, a little wondering, as of one that had taken her experience a little from everywhere, the world and the coulisses.

"How did I find her? Very simply, as such things are always done when one wishes to marry. Voila! I got up one day in a devilish temper, stomach irritable from the last night's supper, heavy of head, empty of heart. With all this, bad weather, cold, gray, sad, vague ennui in the morning; at noon, black ennui. Nothing to do, nothing to read, nothing to love!

"'Zounds!' I told myself, 'it's time to marry. If I found a family it will certainly occupy me.'

"I threw myself into a coupe and made for the house of my notary, an old friend of my father, and laid the case before him.

"'Do you desire a blond or brunette wife?' said he, turning his papers.

"'A blond I should prefer,' said I.

"'Why?'

"'Because—Toupinette was brunette—contrast.'

"The preference appeared to him just. He proposed to me Mlle. Bertha Brivard.

"'Pretty?'

"'Very pretty!'

"'Whom does she resemble?'

"'No one—only herself!'

"'But see you, think well,' said I, 'is there not in the corps de ballet some face that recalls her own?'

"'In the corps de ballet! What a question!'

"'But I only ask an approximate affirmative.'

"My notary reflected.

"'In the corps de ballet! The corps de ballet! No, no one; but at the Bouffes—ah, yes, the little Angele!'

"'Angele! Angele! Ravishing! She resembles Angele, does she, your little blond?' said I. 'Ah, well! I'll marry her instanter. When will you present me?'

"Well, to skip preliminary details, we were to see each other first at the Hotel Continental. A charity ball for the benefit of the shopgirls who desired to become water color painters. A quadrille, a waltz, two fingers of flirtation and we should know each other sufficiently well to enter upon the official parleying. An Americanism? Yes, but one goes rapidly in such affairs.

"At the last moment, behold the ball countermanded.

"They replaced it by the opera comique. A classic presentation. The notary preceded me to the box. Bow to the mother, bow to the father, a flash of the eye to the young girl! Ah! delicious, that young girl! A genuine pastel! A saucy little nose, rosy lips, great shining eyes, and the darlingest little ears, behind which curled and clustered tendrils of hair that shone in the gaslight like a golden mist. Much prettier than Angele!

"It was settled! the wedding should be!

"The wedding? Yes, but before that realism would come the romance, the poetry of the engagement! To marry thus was enchantment, and M. Brivard, the father, a very agreeable old man, with no other occupation than that of detaching his coupons, had set the day for my coming to his house, the evening of our first meeting.

"I see still that family picture in the Boulevard Malesherbes, the great white and gilt salon, the usual furnishings of the dealer a la mode, sofas from Beauvais, richly atrocious, bronzes too golden, screens too gaudy, plush too glaring, pictures too new. A luxury born of yesterday and stamped upon the invoice!

"But flawlessly exquisite, pretty enough to eat, so to speak, her blond head bent under the rays of the lamp, Mlle. Bertha cutting with a Japanese paper knife the leaves of the last number of The Revue des Deux Mondes—a Greuze reading Feuillet!

"A trifle arranged, a trifle too studied, perhaps, this playing the family note; a little too sentimental, but very genteel. Genteel enough to damn a saint, and I was not a saint.

"But, after all, what is so delicious as the passing of the betrothal hours? It is the preface, the prologue, the preamble to marriage! A preface full of beautiful promises! that makes one believe reading it—a beautiful book to come! What romance! What poetry! What happiness and delight!

"Yes, but unfortunately one must turn the pages, and— But that, you see, at the moment, was precisely what I desired to do, to turn the pages with all speed, the fair white page of this young girl's life, as yet without a trace of crayon. I had turned so many pages, you see, that resembled in everything those mirrors of the restaurants, which everybody scratches with names and addresses.

"Ah! the young girl! That ignorant, innocent and timid being, exquisite and white, white as the virgin snow! I had found her at last, that ideal maid! How happy I should be to have always beside me that clear regard, that smiling mouth, that skin so satiny and soft! I was fully decided—I would marry, as soon as possible, Mlle. Brivard!

"And then, every evening while pushing my suit, I went to dine in the Boulevard Malesherbes, to find myself again in the white and gilt salon, with the same bronzes, the same screens, the same divans and easy chairs from Beauvais, only, Mlle. Bertha no longer cut the leaves of The Revue des Deux Mondes.

"Now she read lighter and droller journals, filled with sketches and pictures of genteel little ladies, who greatly resembled herself. Every day, too, I took her a bunch of flowers, roses or white lilacs, entering daily at the same hour the same shop, where, on seeing me arrive thus and always for the same purpose, the same young flower girl put out her hand to the same compartment and presented me the same roses and the same lilacs.

"I had become a regular customer, regarding no one and always hurried, though it would have been very agreeable to stay and contemplate those heaps of odorous blossoms, violets, orange flowers, above all camellias, their petals holding the velvety sheen of a woman's flesh, and in that verdure young girls trim and smiling and with the rosy tint of living flowers.

"I grow idyllic. No matter! It is a memory.

"I did not at first—barbarian that I was—observe the dainty grace and the pretty, sad face of the young fleuriste that served me. I thought only of Bertha, saw only Bertha; her golden curls danced always before my eyes. She was a thousand times prettier than the little Angele, and if only, I said to myself, she wore the Morlaque costume of the peasantress in the opera——

"Angele! and that very evening we turned together, Bertha and I, the leaves of the family album. A very much mingled album at that! Soldiers, merchants, parchment aunts, apopleptic uncles, artillery colonels and a minister. A minister, I say, as in olden times, one always had in one's album a grandfather coifed in the skin cap of the National Guard.

"'Wait,' said Bertha suddenly, closing the covers, 'I've a better one still to show you.' And she ran to seek it. She ran—ah! what a figure! And she brought it—this one full of actresses, singers, danseuses; all the shoulders and busts of the opera, all the trunks and tights of the ballet.

"And there, sandwiched between Judic and Theo, saucy, roguish, the most decolleted of the lot, the little Angele of the Bouffes.

"'And doesn't she look like me?' cried Bertha joyously; 'every one tells me how much I resemble her. See!'

"And assuming the attitude of her operatic counterpart, winking her eye and with finger to the side of her nose, she began to hum—Bertha began to hum—the rollicking couplets of the "Remontoir!"

"Heaven be merciful! Mlle. Brivard, daughter of M. Adolphe Brivard, commercial notable and former president of the Commercial exchange, knew the reportoire of the Parisian bouffes!

"I took my leave a little suffocated this evening from the white and gilt salon of the Boulevard Malesherbes. The little Angele and the little Bertha mingled strangely in my thoughts and hopped gayly beside me like two little puppets clad in the same costume, and, my faith! the farther I went the less I knew if I was going to see Mlle. Bertha Brivard appear in the passage Choiseul, or to marry before a tricolored scarf in the precinct office the little blond Angele of the operatic score!

"'Twas just at that moment that I found myself at the door of the florist's shop, where every evening I entered regularly. They were starting to close up, but between the azalea branches and gilded baskets, among the deep, waxy greens of the caoutchouc plants, shining as if varnished under the spray of the fountains, I perceived finishing a bouquet, pretty as a pink in her black robe and white collar, which brought out so clearly the rich brunette skin, my little flower girl, who every day for the past three weeks had given me the same bouquet with the same gentle, courteous and sad little smile that I had scarcely noticed.

"And I staid there looking at her. She was charming, my little friend the flower girl. Her black hair brushed smoothly back from her forehead, and giving to her straight, classic profile the air of an old medallion. With it all, a true Parisienne, sweet, dainty, piquant, the gaslight falling on the glossy banded hair, the fingers turning in and out among a heap of roses, which she grouped to a harmonious whole as one binds together the notes of a sonnet.

"I saw nothing but that little white hand, so pretty, slender, aristocratic; and I staid there contemplating it, I, who beyond there, had already prepared the way to demand another!

"The next day—I omit, you see, the recital of my dreams and insomnia (an insomnia with haunting visions of flower girls with the aspect of Virgin Madonnas, and of young girls dancing like ballet premieres in Morlaque costumes to the tune of the "Remontoir")—the next day, I say, we were to dine at the house of that confounded notary, Bertha, her parents and I.

"Well, I had as usual promised her a bouquet; as usual I would take it to her; she would pin it to her side and we should depart as arranged for the dining room of M. Bergeot.

"I entered, therefore, as usual the florist's shop, and the same hand, as always, stretched itself toward the clusters of lilacs and roses that I had always bought there.

"'No, mademoiselle,' said I, 'it is a cluster for the corsage, if you please, this evening.'

"'Ah!'

"She regarded me smilingly, her soft, frank eyes turning from side to side, seeking another cluster of flowers. 'See, monsieur, how is this?'

"'A little large—is it not? mademoiselle,' said I, in truth caring nothing for the size of the bunch, but seized with a desire to linger indefinitely in that bower of verdure, become all at once a paradise—of green, red and white.

"And when that pretty young girl, all in black and so pale and amiable, said so gently, placing the cluster against the bosom of her own robe, 'Oh, no, monsieur, it is not, you see, too large!' I could scarcely restrain myself from crying aloud: 'Keep it there, mademoiselle, I beseech you! An honest bouquet from the hand of an honest girl! It goes so well with your manner, modest and good!'

"She would have found too odd this profession of faith. I took my flowers, therefore, and went my way, but Mlle. Bertha, when I arrived, had already provided herself with a corsage cluster:

"'Being unable to count upon yours,' said she calmly, carelessly throwing upon a table the one I had brought her.

"So much the better—I would utilize it myself, and the single blossom I took from the heap and pinned in my buttonhole lay upon my breast and kept my heart warm during the whole of that interminable dinner.

"That beastly dinner, during which it seemed to me that the little Angele beside me played a pointless role and I saw opposite to me perpetually the Madonna profile and the serious air of my little flower girl. She it was that should have been the fiancee. The fiancee! Surely, if the word had color, that color would be white, all white, like the rose on my breast.

"The denouement, the denouement—wait, it approaches.

"Gradually, as I frequented that white and gilt salon the little Bertha made me afraid, yes, actually afraid. And likewise, as I frequented my florist's shop I told myself that it was there I should find the companion, the friend, the true associate in happiness or pain!

"That charming child! Poor, it was true; doubtless an orphan, living alone and possibly destined to marry some shopman or railroad employee, or to turn—as turned to the wind of Paris—all those homeless beings who had no support. How good it would be to draw that child from this risk by drawing her from the condition itself, by—making her my mistress, you say? No, no, I swear it. I swear that I never thought of it.

"My wife, then? Ah, if only I had dared! And while not daring, slowly, gently, politely, I detached myself from Mlle. Bertha Brivard—I had nearly said of the Bouffes Parisiennes. I left her to her father, her white and gilt salon and her gay "Remontoir." I sought delays, pretexts, excuses. In short, when one evening M. Bergeot said to me plumply, 'We can no longer leave my friend Brivard with his nose in the water'—great naturalists, these notaries; 'is it to be yes or no?' this time, my faith, I answered:

"'Eh, bien! No, then! I am not made for marrying!'

"And I did not, as usual, set out for the Brivard domicile. All the same, the same evening saw me at my florist's shop. In place of my little flower girl there stood another one; this one red headed, pretty also and also polite, but she was not the one I sought. She, they told me, had gone away to relations in Bourgogne. They had recalled her to marry her. To what sot? To what beer keg? To what vine dresser? I know nothing—I shall never know anything.

"Of my little brown flower maid I never had known anything—her name, her age, her life. Nothing, nothing whatever, save that she was ravishingly pretty, with an honest air, deep eyes, and that she handed me bouquets of lilacs and roses with a hand white and slender, which, on my soul, I would have supplicated her to give me, and which, at all events, hindered me from taking another.

"Behold my adventure! A very simple one—eh, bien! yes; but I have never in my life had a more agreeable one. It seems to me that I have gathered in the midst of our hothouse existence a flower of the fields, whose perfume I have still on my fingers, its sweet odor still in my nostrils.

"Ah! I grow elegiac: but God bless her, wherever she be, my little brown flower maid, who, compared to my cocodette of the Boulevard Malesherbes, was like a rose on a green stem beside a tulip on a wire one.

"Mlle. Brivard, by the way, marries tomorrow a young and skillful financier, who has found a way to shape a fortune that has ruined others; they will be very happy.

"As for me, I depart this evening for Monaco. I have lost my little flower maid, but I shall perhaps win at roulette—unlucky at love, etc.—Translated from the French of Jules Clareti by E. C. Waggener for Short Stories.

Why the Little Boy Was Crying.

Marshall P. Wilder, the humorist, tells this story: Some people think they haven't got much to be thankful for, but they might at least be grateful that things aren't any worse. But there's a good many that never can be satisfied. They remind me of a little boy that I met in the street. He was crying so hard that he appealed to my sympathies. "Well, boy," said I, "lost your mother?"

"Nope," said he.

"Lost something else?" said I.

"Yep," said he, with a sob.

"What is it, then?" said I.

"I didn't feel good," sobbed he, "and I cried, an a man give me a penny, an I felt bad some more, an another man give me a penny, an now I feel bad 'cause I've lost my bellyache that made me feel bad in the first place."

COAL AT A DOLLAR A TON

AN INVENTOR CLAIMS TO BE ABLE TO MANUFACTURE FUEL.

His Process Is a Chemical One and Simply Endows Lignite or Inferior Coal, Which Is Common Everywhere, with Burning Qualities—How He Worked.

Many inventions are in the field. Another inventor has come to the front with an invention which he believes will rival even those of Edison and bring to mankind generally a degree of benefit which will be in direct inverse proportion to the woe inflicted upon the individuals commonly known as the coal barons.

What he has to offer is no less than a scheme to manufacture a coal which will be superior in its results to either bituminous or anthracite coal, to which the world has been so long accustomed to look for its chief supply of fuel.

So many vast conceptions have been already brought to the attention of the public only to end in disappointing failures that every new great scheme is apt to be regarded with suspicion. We have not suffered from the Keely motor project and the many plans for navigating the air, to say nothing of the many ideas for submarine crafts, without having our confidence in such matters seriously impaired.

The new aspirant for undying fame and incidentally for the millions of money that are attendant upon great discoveries which are world wide in their uses has at least the courage of his convictions, and his ideas are entitled to respect.

Mr. Albert Edelmann claims for his invention that it will enable him to manufacture his coal at a cost of only one dollar per ton. Besides the exceeding cheapness of the new article Mr. Edelmann claims for it the merit of being absolutely odorless and capable of being burned without smoke and being consumed so utterly that it leaves but 1 per cent. of ashes.

Mr. Edelmann was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1823, and was educated at the university at Dorpat, one of the provinces of Livonia, on the Baltic sea. He was graduated there as a civil engineer, and then made the grand tour of Europe. In 1852 he went to Australia, the voyage from London to Sydney occupying six months.

HIS FIRST INSPIRATION.

In Australia Mr. Edelmann devoted himself to his profession and spent his time in building railroads and in other engineering enterprises. In 1860 he first turned his attention to the discovery of cheaper coal, and since then he has devoted all his time and money to that pursuit.

In the first place he argued that it was a well known fact that there exists upon the surface of the globe a large quantity of what may be termed inferior coal, which is commonly called lignite. Briefly defined, lignite is a coal formed at a much later period than either bituminous or anthracite coal, and therefore without those chemical properties which would enable it to burn as well as either of them, and which, therefore, renders it practically useless for fuel or other purposes.

That this lignite would, in centuries to come, develop into a fuel which might be utilized exactly as well as that which was already known as bituminous or anthracite coal was a source of pain and vexation to Mr. Edelmann. He could not sleep at night from his continual study of the problem. He was actually jealous, he says himself, to think that a people a thousand years hence would avail themselves of that which the world might use today could he but solve the problem of effecting by chemical processes that for which nature would take centuries.

A GLEAM OF LIGHT.

After a study of many weary years Mr. Edelmann believes that he has solved the problem whose solution he so faithfully sought, and is satisfied that he has found a process for transforming this worthless lignite into coal, which for all purposes is equal, and in many instances superior, to either anthracite or bituminous coal.

In other words, the inventor believes that by the mixture with lignite of certain chemical bodies a coal is produced which is as perfect as any that was ever mined, and this lignite, he claims, were it allowed to remain in the earth, would require a thousand years for its transformation into perfect coal.

In his technical description of the process alluded to the inventor says:

"To accomplish this result the lignite and certain chemical bodies (which have first been reduced to a powdered condition in order to permit of their perfect commingling) are placed in molds and subjected to great pressure in machinery expressly constructed for the purpose, and from which the mass comes in the shape of what are termed, for want of a better name, 'briquets.' These briquets can be made of any size or shape in order that they may suit different conditions, as, for instance, if the material is to be used for furnaces they would be in the neighborhood of eight inches in size (either square or oblong), whereas for stoves they would be made correspondingly smaller.—New York Herald.

Objections to Hand Shaking.

Hand shaking is said to circulate yellow fever, smallpox, gangrene, cancer and all other infectious diseases; it is absurd and inconvenient, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is insincere. In hot weather no one wants to clasp a still warmer hand. In cold weather no one cares to remove a warm, comfortable glove and run the chances of catching cold by bringing the palm into contact with a hand that is several degrees colder than an icicle. Let lovers intertwine their digits and poets rave about the warm, true clasp of hands, but let us arrest and punish those thoughtless, foolish people who delight to meet in our busiest thoroughfares and shake hands across the walk while the crowd must pass around them.—Chicago Herald.

Frames for Pictures.

Oil paintings should be framed in gold, silver or bronze. A frame of white and gold is best for a water color, while engravings and etchings look best in frames of natural wood, either polished or varnished, but never gilded. Photographs can be framed in natural wood or modest flat gilt or bronzed frames, according to the subject and the tone of the picture. Soft gray or cream tinted mats are the best for pictures in general, throwing the picture back from the glass and softening the effect, but tinted mats may occasionally be used. A dark blue mat, when the picture is blue in tone, or a wine colored or rarely a silvered or gilded one, may be very effective, but should only be used cautiously.

The frame for an oil painting should never be flat, but always thicker at the outer edge, to throw the picture back and increase the perspective in which it is best seen, and harmonize it with the walls. Sometimes an oil is of modest coloring and low tone, and is most effectively framed in dark crimson or dull blue velvet, the pile of the velvet softening the picture yet imparting a luminous and rich effect, which the glitter of a golden frame almost wholly absorbs to itself.

Water colors are often harmoniously framed in tints which carry out the delicate prevailing color in themselves, especially in landscapes and marines. The mat can often be the palest tint of cream, pink, buff, atmospheric gray or sea green, while the frame itself may repeat the tint, with delicate lines of gold, or be made of simple white and gilt molding.—Harper's Bazar.

The Value of Medicine.

A noted Paris physician tells the following story against himself: "At times," he said, "there comes to most people a doubting of all that has heretofore seemed the truest. Doctors, as well as priests, are subject to these periods of depression in which they question the efficacy of their own judgment. In such a mood, while I was superintendent of l'Hospital de ——, I divided the treatment of the wards. In one I exercised the best medical skill that the aids of drugs could afford; in the other I only gave as medicine a little acrid water. This experiment I continued for a month with equally good nursing in both wards."

"Well, with what results?" said his listener.

"The cases in both wards averaged just the same," answered the doctor.

"And what would you infer from that?" said his companion.

"I hardly know," continued the physician. "I was only thankful that the experiment did not actually score against the profession more than it did; but on the principle of doing one's best, I have gone back to my medicines—if not with absolute confidence, at least with the consciousness that we can at least alleviate suffering, and, all things being favorable, may effect a cure.—New York Tribune.

Why Fakirs Thrive.

The man who buys shoestrings and other small articles from street fakirs doesn't always do so because he gets them, or thinks he gets them, cheaper. It is chiefly because men engaged in business are usually so absentminded that trifles of everyday use are never thought of unless they are pushed right under the business nose. As a rule the stuff bought of street venders costs two to five times as much as it would in a legitimate store. But it is on this single weakness of mankind that the street fakir lives and thrives. A man will fool with a broken shoestring a dozen mornings before he will remember to get a new pair. Then suddenly during a busy day he runs against a shoestring peddler and buys a pair on the spot, paying double price for what his dealer would give him for nothing.

The fakirs thrive best in the closest and most busy centers. Down in Wall and Broad and New and Nassau streets, among the bankers and brokers and lawyers, who are too busy to think of suspenders and shoestrings and lead pencils, etc., the street fakirs fare well, for amid the roar of clashing millions the absentminded man clutches hastily on what comes uppermost, knowing that otherwise he'll forget all about it.—New York Herald.

The Guests Were Under the Table.

Sothern gave a dinner to Florence at a London club and invited him for half an hour later than any of the other guests. He said to his guests, who were eminent men in literature and politics and in the nobility: "When Florence comes suppose you all get under the table? He'll think his lateness has caused you to leave." So when Florence was announced all except Sothern got under the table, and the tablecloth hid them from sight. As Florence entered he saw Sothern alone and said:

"Has nobody come yet?"

"Oh, yes," said Sothern in a loud voice. "They've all come. And as soon as you were announced they hid under the table, though why the deuce they did it I can't imagine."

One by one the guests crawled out, looking red and ashamed.—New York Sun.

Muskrat Skins.

The muskrat is somewhat similar in appearance to his dry land cousin, but is incomparably larger. The brown muskrat, which is larger than the black muskrat, when full grown will measure twelve to fourteen inches from the tip of his nose to the root of his tail, and his ratlike caudal appendage sometimes attains a length of eight inches. Muskrat skins are valuable for their soft, glossy fur, and are bought by traders at from six cents to ten cents each and sold to furriers. The flesh of the muskrat is said to be quite palatable, and it is sometimes eaten.—Baltimore Sun.

Where Dullness Is Profitable.

"How are things in your business?"

"Dull, I'm glad to report."

"Glad to report?"

"Yes; I'm a saw sharpener."—Kate Field's Washington.

IN HIS PASSENGER'S MUFF.

The Driver Saw the Gleam of the Steel and It Put Him on His Guard.

A party of well known oil men, who have followed the producing business from its infancy and have worked in its different branches, from dipping oil to running several sets of tools as contractors, were at the Union depot waiting for the train on their way to the McDonald field, Sunday, when the talk drifted to old times and narrow escapes they had seen and personal reminiscences. One of the party, who had quietly listened to the talk, puffed nervously at his toby and remarked:

"Talk about scares, boys, did I ever tell you of the scare I had in the seventies, when I was running the tools in the Millerstown field? You know the time that young fellow who came up from Butler and started a pop factory in Millerstown, and after making collections in Butler of over $300 was waylaid on the road, shot through the head and his body found in the woods, where it had been dragged by the murderer with the pockets of the clothing rifled and no clue to the thief. It was a short time after that—in the winter. There had been a heavy snow and the sleighing was splendid, and I had a 4-year-old colt that cost me $250 when it was a year old, and that did not take dust from anything that traveled the middle oil field. The man I was drilling for was sick, and sent me word to come to Butler and he would pay me for work done on his four wells that month. I drove over bright and early and got a check for $1,100. I met several friends, and, being in no special hurry, I drove around town until nearly time for the bank to close. As I got the cash I turned and saw a man eyeing the money so greedily that an involuntary shiver of fear passed over me. I forgot the incident and monkeyed around in the town until nearly 10 o'clock that night, when I started for home.

"Half way home was the piece of dark woods in which the body of the young popmaker had been found. As I looked at the side of the road I shivered with apprehension in spite of the Dutch courage I had absorbed that evening, as I saw some one trudging along in the road ahead of me, but I felt relieved when I saw it was a woman. The woman stopped and in a hoarse voice explained that her daughter, who lived up the road, had been taken suddenly sick and she was on her way to visit her, and asked for a lift. Glad to have company, I helped her into the sleigh, and offered to take her muff, but she kept it in her other hand. Jolting over a rough piece of road she pulled one hand out of the muff and my heart grew cold with fear. I caught the glitter of steel as the moon shone through an open place in the woods.

"With a presence of mind that I wonder at to this day I cut the horse savagely with the whip and dropped it by the side of the road. Explaining to the woman that the horse could not be held by any one but myself, I begged her to get out and pick up my whip. She carefully deposited her muff in the bottom of the sleigh and sprang out. As soon as she struck the ground I shouted to the colt, who, unused to the whip and spirited, went like a shot from a gun. As he started I heard an unmistakable masculine oath behind me, and, expecting a bullet in the back every minute, I crouched over in the sleigh. The ride was the longest I ever had before and since until the jangles of the bells brought my wife to the door. I put the horse up, and as I took out the blankets I picked up the muff and carried it into the house. Inside was a revolver of large caliber, with all six of its chambers fully loaded. I staid awake all that night, and in the morning paid off my men."—Oil City Derrick.

Visitors and the Chinese Emperor.

Until the present generation our ministers have never been received by the emperor in person. The Chinese have fought against such receptions as sacrilegious. In 1873, however, the foreign ministers forced the emperor to receive them, and in 1891 the new emperor gave his first reception to the foreign diplomats. He probably will have to do this many times in the future. I have received a letter from China describing this reception and saying that it had a great influence on the Chinese at Peking. It shows the people that these so called "tribute bearers" are worthy of notice and makes them respect our ministers.

The last emperor wanted the diplomats to go down on their knees and bump their heads against the floor nine times in front of the emperor, as the Chinese do, but they refused to do this, and no attempt was made to demand this on the present occasion. The Chinese idea is to make the foreign ministers, as far as possible, contemptible in the eyes of the people, and it was four months before the audience of 1873 could be arranged.—Frank G. Carpenter in National Tribune.

Telegraphic Codes.

Ever since submarine telegraphy became an established means of communication much ingenuity has been expended on the compilation of codes, partly for secrecy, but principally to abbreviate the messages and save money in rates. To such a fine point has codifying been brought in this latter direction that the telegraph companies are at their wits' end to maintain a proper equilibrium between the number of messages sent and the number of words transmitted; in other words between the volume of actual business and the amount of revenue. All large commercial houses now use complicated codes, in which a single word of ten letters represents a sentence of ten, fifteen or twenty words.—Electricity.

How Much a Horse Eats.

A horse consumes every year the produce of six acres in oats and hay, and may be said to consume one-sixth of what he cultivates. If a horse is kept hungry for any length of time, he will afterward devour his food so voraciously as to distend his stomach and endanger an attack of staggers.—London Tit-Bits.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

In the autumnal gloaming, sad and chill,
The moorland mere in silent slumber lay;
Unruffled were its waters, darkly gray,
And all its sentinel reeds stood stiff and still;
The peewit's last good night fell clear and shrill,
The west was dusky brown with dying day,
When came across the heather far away,
The gleam of moonrise o'er the distant hill.

Like flame that flashes through the cannon smoke
A full moon climbed above the swaying firs—
The rushes felt that herald breeze of hers;
They whispered to the water that awoke.
Athwart its face a golden ripple broke,
And the queen kissed her nightly worshipers.
—J. G. F. Nicholson in Chambers' Journal.

In a Street Car.

There was a typical bit of life shown in a recent incident in a Brooklyn street car. Two fashionably dressed women, strangers to each other, and each with a child on her lap, found themselves seatmates in a crowded car. The handsome blue eyed boy on one knee soon fell a victim to the coquetries of the dainty little maiden with golden curls and soft brown eyes on the other, and to the mutual satisfaction of the parents a pretty little flirtation went on.

Farther up the car on the other side a dump, rosy cheeked miss of two years, comfortably clad but evidently poor child, stood against her mother and admiringly watched the pair. At a certain treet the mother of the boy signaled to stop. "Kiss the baby," she said, as she stood the little fellow on his feet, meaning of course Miss Golden Hair, and he turned to obey.

At that moment, however, the other little girl, making her way out with her mother, was exactly abreast of him, and faster Blue Eyes, finding this little face before him, promptly bestowed a sounding, hearty smack upon it. And everybody smiled, while the prince was led out, the beggar maid wonderingly went her way, and the disappointed princess, who had leaned forward for the royal salute, buried her face in her mother's cloak, learning thus early in life the bitter truth that the kiss is not always for the one who expects it.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Why Meat Costs More Than Vegetables.

Meat is a manufactured product for which a large amount of raw material is required. The manufacture of meat is a process of transforming the vegetable protein, fats and carbohydrates of grass and grain into the animal protein and fat of beef, pork and mutton. The same principle applies in the production of milk, eggs and other animal foods. In the most economical feeding of animals it takes a number of pounds of hay or corn to make a pound of beef or pork. In other words, let the farmer make animal protein and fat from vegetable materials in the best way he can and still he must consume a large quantity of soil product to produce a small amount of animal food. Hence animal foods are costlier than vegetable.

This is the simple explanation of the fact that in most parts of the world meat is the food of only the well to do, while the poor live almost entirely on vegetable food. Thus ordinary people in Europe eat little meat, and in India and China they have none at all. It is hard enough for them to get the nutriment they need in vegetable forms. Meats they cannot afford.—Professor Atwater in Century.

About Pronunciation.

The dictionaries are not reason enough for any one's making himself utterly singular among his fellows. On the same principle we in America continue to say "skedule" instead of making people open their eyes by saying "schedule." When we are in England we may say "tong" instead of "tung" for "tongue," but the wise American will go with all his countrymen in such a matter when he is at home. Very few people, either English or American, ever say "dynty," "constityution," and so on, and yet that is undoubtedly the way we ought to pronounce them—if we are going strictly by the authorities. It is better to be idiomatic, either in writing or speaking, than to be just right by the book.—Boston Transcript.

Too Much for Belief.

Old Dickey S., a very wealthy but very illiterate East India merchant in London, took a pair of compasses and set about examining a large map of India, the margin of which was illustrated with drawings of the wild and domestic animals of the country. Suddenly Dickey dropped the compass in amazement. "It can't be! It ain't in the horder of nature that it should be! Impossible! Ridiculous!" "Why, Dickey, what's the matter?" "Wot's the matter? Vy, this Bengal tiger is ninety miles long!" Dickey had measured the tiger by the scale of the map.—New York Advertiser.

London's Yearly Fruit Supply.

In one year the quantity of fruit unloaded at London bridge was no less than 17,716,000 bushels, the value of which was essimated at $28,940,000. This chiefly consisted of apples, oranges, lemons, onions and potatoes, the two latter, though not strictly coming under the appellation of "fruit," being reckoned in with the rest.—Exchange.

For fourteen years a "Son of the Marshes" in Scotland has been trying to get a sight of a wild animal in the act of guarding its young in time of danger. He has tramped day after day for the purpose, but without success.

The sewing machine has opened a wide field for the employment of more women by making sewing so cheap that the poorest shop girl may have a dozen tucks in her skirt if she wish them.

The creature having the greatest number of distinct eyes is the chiton, a species of mollusk, in the shell of which has been found as many as 11,000 separate mobile eyes.

The largest farm in Georgia is owned by Colonel J. M. Smith, who has 16,000 acres in Oglethorpe and Madison counties. His annual profits amount to $21,000.

CROUPY SOUNDS

At night, from baby's crib, are distracting to parents who are at a loss for a medicine equal to the emergency. Not so with those who have **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house. A dose of this medicine affords certain and speedy relief. To cure colds, coughs, sore throat, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, and the various disorders of the breathing apparatus, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has no equal. It soothes the inflamed tissue, expectoration, and induces repose. Cap. **Call For** U. Carley, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for thirty years and have always found it the best remedy for croup, to which complaint my children were subject."

"I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequaled as a remedy for colds and coughs."—J. G. Gordon, M. D., Carroll Co., Virginia.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; Price $1; six bottles $5.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 7:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m. high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E A Murphy, pastor. Residence 548 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:3 vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 22d place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev P. Neumann Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and big mass at 10:30 a m, vespers at 7:30 p m Rev D Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m Rev. M. Neumann, O.S.F., pastor. Residence 644 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m. children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10. Vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; big mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st and Western av Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P Bodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av, and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; big mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev F S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 81 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m, high mass at 10 m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Pinchon pastor. Residence 3434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 61 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Burling sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; big mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev J Leutte C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m, vespers at 3 p m Rev A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Bibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Boyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor Residence, adjoining church

Church of the Immaculate Conception—Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m, high mass at 10 a m. vespers at 7 p m Rev P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Angelina sts Mass at 8 a m., high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. H Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m., high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara Bekhane, pastor; Residence 331 Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 76 Cypress st

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st; John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Langale, H C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, J S.; J V Cook, C S.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J E Clowry, C R, 453 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st G B Bracken, F S, Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 965 W Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O'Hara, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 245 Bastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 709 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S, John Durkin Treas. Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Daniel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N J Franchere, Treas; Dr P W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 189 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Wagner, F S, D M McKindley, Treas. Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrige, C R, 2907 State st. Henry B Newson, R S, 2515 Butterfield st W J Krier, F S. D B Quinlan, Treas. Dr P B MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Boyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas, Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 3rd st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst, J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst. M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas, Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted st.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J E Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 382 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J E Wiser, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood' hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Boot st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R, John McNamara, R S, Somonauk, Henry Buehmann, F S; Geo Demlauier, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 110 Hastings st, Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st, F A Alow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T J O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sexton, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av, P Noonan, F S; S C Latus, Treas, Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1068 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 16th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Pois, Treas, Dr Emil Gilgenbann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 251 Hanover st

St. Patrick's Court, No 21, South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R, Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWimple, F S, D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 Labelle st, C A Reedy, R S, 706 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas, Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 509 Tallman av, J W Dye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E A Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Laguna's hall, Western and North ave

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st, Wm Klein, R S, 33 Monawk st, Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas, Dr Jas F Cusack, C P Meet in St. Joseph's school hall, cor. Ohio and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Barbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av, H Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st, A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas, Dr A D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Frank Shere's hall, 156 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—B J Cremer, C R, 458 Sherman st, Frank A Kucera, R S, 396 S Morgan st, Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittenbmitt, Treas, Dr J J Thomasets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 645 S Jefferson st, James Raier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st, John Bolliger, F S; John J Harnell, Treas, Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Seventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A H Weir, R, 781 Robey st, Symond [illegible], 459 e 2nd and st, Henry H. Canavan, F S; [illegible], [illegible], Dr Charles Tuthill, P Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Franz, C R, 259 Blue Island av, John Barggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st, Aug Ahlebrandt, F S; Henry Schmidt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 15th Ambrose st, 8 p m

Immaculate Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Feehan, R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Neal Hyan, R, Joseph [illegible], F Michael Roeder, Treas [illegible] first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 361 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 423 Blackhawk st, J Conway, F S; Patrick Maguire, Treas, Dr Geo B Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scott hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 15 S Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 979 Lawrence st, [illegible] F S; M [illegible], Treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 155 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred't Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Keller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Maria, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 236 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 86 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Sourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st, Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M P Mersch, Treas; Dr E B Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 736 Milwaukee av; F J Semmers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Neiles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 596 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; C Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st, Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Transchit, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Broccioni, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Evants, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesfy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 256 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 95 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 442 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 3216 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 56 State st, at 3 p. m.

[illegible] Dominick F H. Finnegan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Frank T. Conroy
County Financial Secretary, W. E Graham 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 530 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS

Division No. 1—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 245 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W Madison st.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hoade, Pres., Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P.; Richard O Neill, Rec Sec., 1066 Van Buren st; John Farrell, Fin Sec., P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall 446 W Twelfth st.

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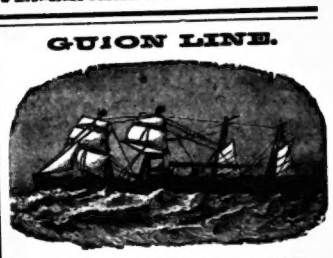

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